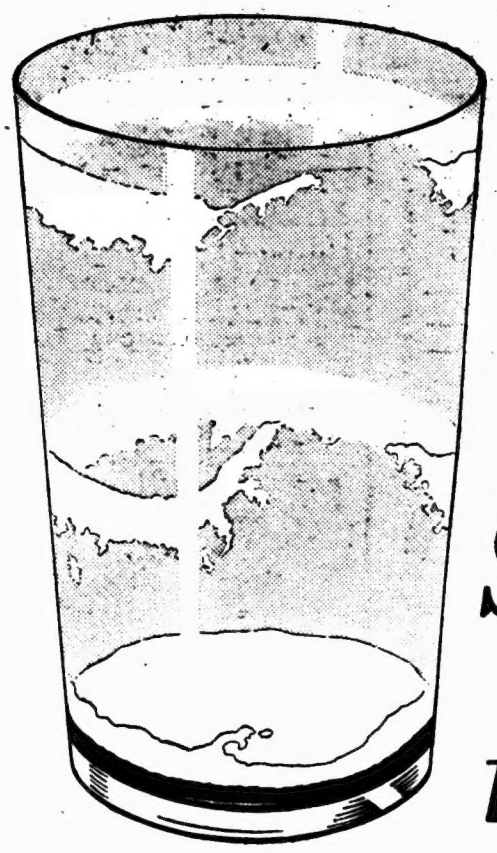
JOHN BULL, NOVEMBER 28, 1936

TWOPENCE.
Vol. LX.
1589.

HITLER'S WAR PLANS: (SEE PAGES 23–26)

JOHN BULL



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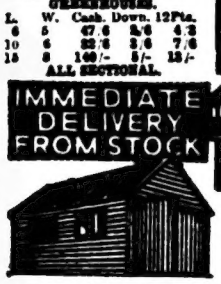

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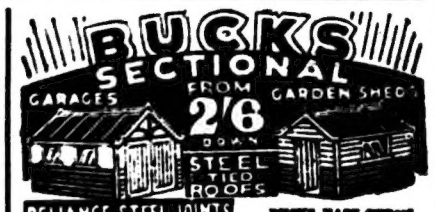

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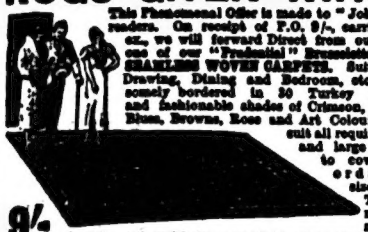

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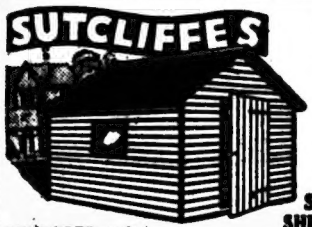

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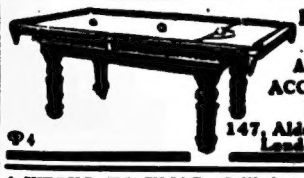

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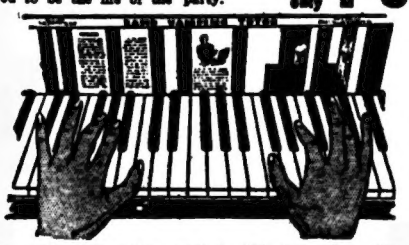

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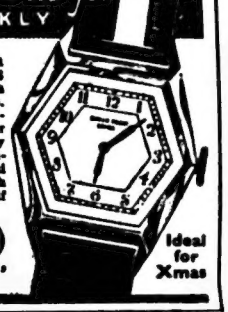

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No. SP/757. In selected Figured Walnut with an antique finish. All pieces decorated with rich mouldings and modern polished wood handles with chromium fittings. 4 ft. WARDROBE fitted 2 half-shelves, hanger rails and hooks. SUITE complete with 4 ft. BEDSTEAD and COIL SPRING.
THIS SUITE CAN BE PURCHASED SEPARATELY.

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COMPRISING :—
4 FT. WARDROBE
DRESSING TABLE
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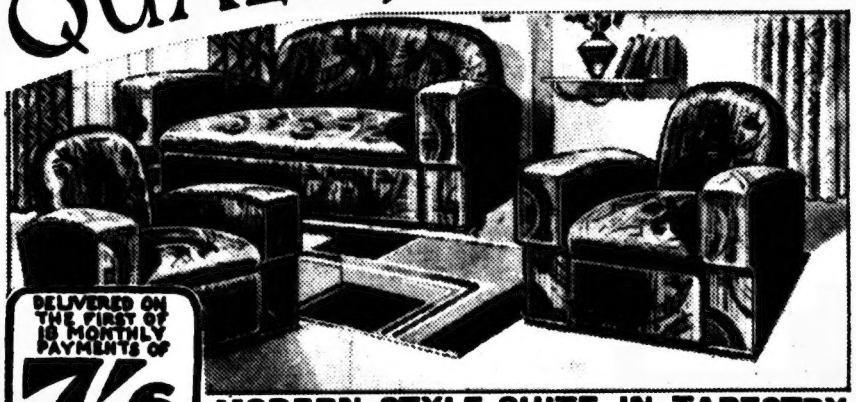

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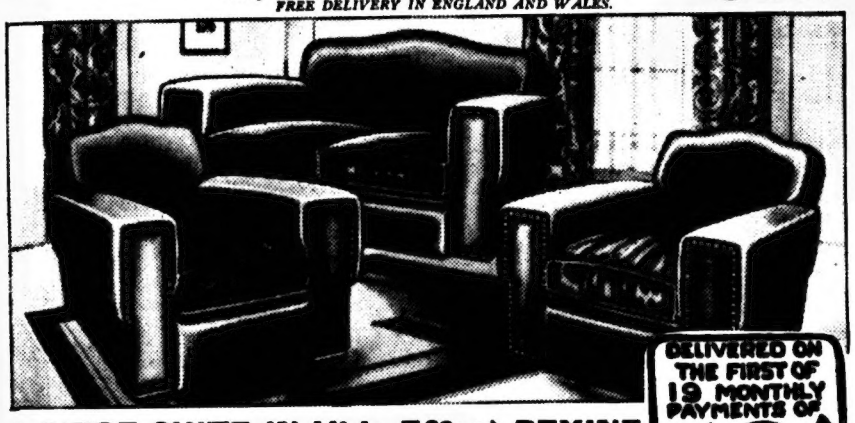
No. S.P. 769. Built on Seasoned Birch Frames and upholstered in Hard-wearing Tapestries in Blues, Fawns or Greens. The Suite is designed on very comfortable lines and the seats are deep and well-sprung. Settee 50ins. wide. Easy Chairs 30ins. wide.

FREE DELIVERY IN ENGLAND AND WALES.

SALE CASH PRICE **6 GNS.**



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SALE CASH PRICE **8½ GNS.**

No. S.P. 713. A very comfortable SUITE in New design. Well sprung on sturdy seasoned Birch frames and upholstered in Hide effect Rexine with Velveteen-covered Pullman Seat Cushions. SETTEE 56 ins. wide. EASY CHAIR 34 ins. wide.

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SALE CASH PRICE **10 GNS.**

LOUNGE SUITE IN COWHIDE WITH REXINE OUTSIDES

No. S.P.800. Built on heavy seasoned Birch frames, beautifully upholstered and sprung and covered in real Cowhide with Rexine outsides. The deep sprung seats are fitted with PULLMAN-SPRUNG SEAT CUSHIONS in Velveteen. Settee 50 ins. wide. Easy chairs 30 ins. wide.

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No. S.P. 650. Sound workmanship and Modern design, exemplified in beautifully matched Figured Walnut veneers, with decorative inlay panels on the 4 ft. Wardrobe and the Tallboy. Beautifully finished throughout and polished a rich Golden Brown shade. Suite complete with 4 ft. Bedstead and Coil Spring. 10 Gns.

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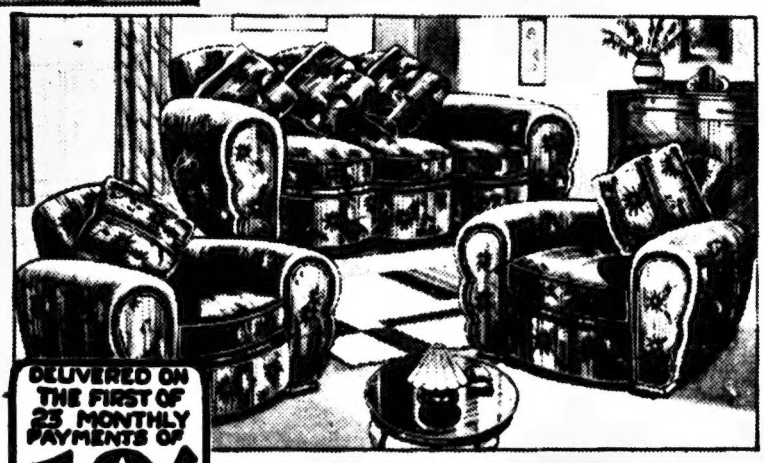

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FREE DELIVERY IN ENGLAND & WALES

3-PIECE TAPESTRY SUITE

No. S.P. 480. A magnificent Suite of luxurious proportions with large comfortable arms and deep well-sprung seats, with sprung edges. Superbly upholstered in High-grade Tapestries in Blues, Fawns or Greens and fitted with 5 PULLMAN SPRUNG SEAT CUSHIONS and 5 Feather back Cushions. Settee 68ins. wide. Easy Chair 35ins. wide.

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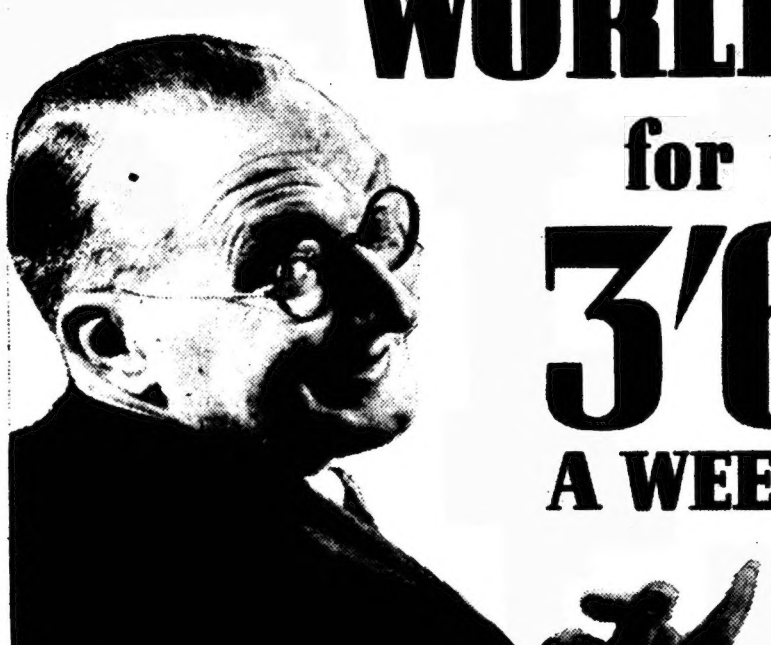

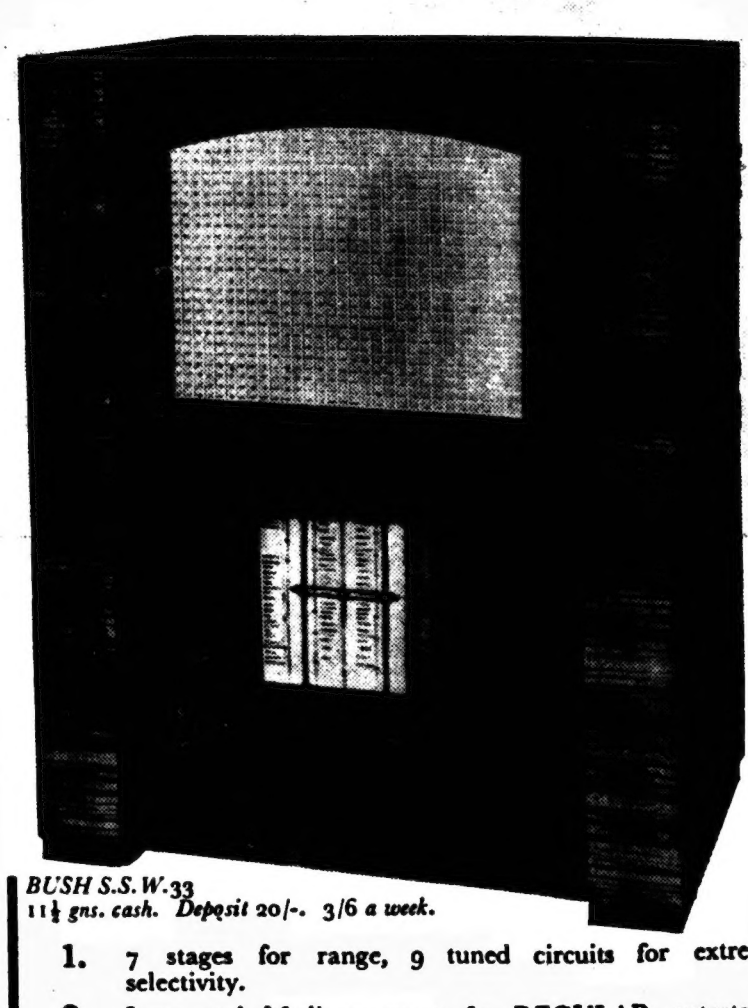

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1. 7 stages for range, 9 tuned circuits for extreme selectivity.
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NOWADAYS, if you pay about 11 or 12 gns. for a radio you expect a pretty good performance; you expect fine tone and quality of reproduction; you expect unfailing reliability — but you *don't* expect world-wide reception! And this is precisely what this Bush Shortwave Superhet enables you to enjoy. Mind you, it may not bring in every Shortwave station consistently — day in and day out. But I think that half the fun of Shortwave listening lies in its uncertainty and unexpectedness.

Anyway, when you're tired of "exploring" the Short waveband you can always turn to the usual Long and Medium waves for a clear dependable reception of your favourite home and continental stations. Your Bush dealer will be only too pleased to let you hear this model. So why not do so *today?*

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WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

• FROM OUR READERS

EVERYWHERE is to be seen evidence of a new craze among mothers to allow their children, even tiny infants, to go bare-headed in the belief that this hardens them and ensures a good crop of hair. Many babies seen without covering in this weather are blue instead of pink.

I have always believed that it is necessary to keep a child's head warm, at least while the bones are separated.—M. Webb, 24, Belsize Road, N.W.6.

It is fallacy to suppose that the space between the head-bones needs warmth until it closes up by the bones joining. But exposure without covering incurs risk of grave ear-trouble in babies.

Agitate For It

I AM one of the 250,000 wives who have had to obtain court orders for separation from and maintenance by our husbands.

My husband earns about £800 yearly and the court requires him to pay 10s. weekly for our ten-year-old daughter—the maximum.

Constant medical care and expensive medicinal requirements are essential if the delicate child is to win her fight against tuberculosis. Magistrates and medical witnesses describe my husband as callous, because he refuses to consent to an order to pay more for the sick girl, but they are powerless to make one. —Mrs. M. M., Eastbourne.

Parliament cannot much longer ignore the rising storm of opinion upon our matrimonial and children's laws.

Time Wasters

THERE is no more cruel body of people than the very large one of those who enter shops and stores with no intention of making a purchase, but merely to examine and ask idle questions about expensive goods.

After the assistant has long and vainly tried to supply what seems to be their want, they walk out with an airy promise to call again.

When this happens a number of times with one assistant he or she is often dismissed because the floor manager naturally supposes there is bad effort at salesmanship.—Fred Turner, 13, Kent Road, Luton, Beds.

Stores state that these pests are best known in gowns, furniture and radio departments.

"No, M'am"

I HAVE just interviewed five girls who replied to my advertisement for a cook-general. These were the reasons they gave for refusing the post:

(1) Eleven o'clock was too early to return on nights out.

(2) There were too many in the family—four.

(3) We do not dine until 8.30.

(4) There was only gas, not electric light in the maid's bedroom.

(5) I would not agree to smoking in the kitchen.—Mrs. Coulter, Cotham, Bristol.

But, after all, domestic servants are human beings just like their mistresses.

Undetected

NONE of the witnesses in four running-down cases reported this week was able to read in the dark the number-plates of the motor cars which did not stop.

It should be compulsory for cars to be fitted at the rear with an illuminated glass panel on which the number would stand out.—J. McLaughlin, 10, Queen's Road, New Malden, Surrey.

Some manufacturers are fitting plates lit from behind, discernible by day and vivid at night. This is likely to become standard practice.

Coercion

I HAVE quit my job as a miner because the colliery manager threatened that "things would go bad with me" if my two sons, both under sixteen, did not start work in the pits within three months. I had decided that they will never suffer at such work as I have done.

Matters have come to a terrible pass when a father can no longer choose his children's careers without being subjected to intimidation by employers who seek to exploit cheap child labour.—J. Balewicas, Rural Street, Leeds, 9.

The increase in and conditions of juvenile labour in mines and factories and the methods of recruiting it are causing concern to the great trades unions.

Parents Decide

PARENTS who have to keep children from school because of illness are always asked by the education committee or the attendance officers to produce doctors' certificates.

Is there a legal liability upon parents or guardians to incur the cost of medical examination and certification of unfitness?—Mrs. S. G. Ackford, Penpethy, Delabole, Cornwall.

It is illegal to demand a doctor's certificate. The law puts the onus of proving that a child is fit to attend school upon the education authority.

Expert Speaks

PLEASE listen to the advice of a retired postman upon the subject of Christmas parcels. It is to register them—extra cost threepence.

They will then be delivered unbroken. To sorters and postmen, even the temporary hands, a registered parcel is sacrosanct and must be kept separate and gently handled.—Thomas Lewis, 137, Prince of Wales Road, N.W.5.

And use lots of sealing-wax.

"Have You Heard . . .?"

THE stark wickedness of idle, poisonous gossips—who operate in every street and village—has just been crushingly brought home to me.

My young unmarried niece has been in hospital through eating tainted shellfish. A few days after her return neighbours told me how sorry they were that her baby had died at birth. One added the consolatory remark that perhaps the baby's death was all for the best!—Mrs. P. D. M., Benares Road, Plumstead, S.E.

It takes a strong sense of humour to laugh off that kind of thing.

To Radio Fans

TRANS-OCEANIC and other long-distance radio reception has now become so clear and free from fading that it should have a full-time place in the British programmes.

The distant transmissions are usually excellent entertainment. Would it not be possible for the B.B.C. to devote one of its medium-wave stations exclusively to the relaying of these American and other short-wave programmes?—L. B. Jefferies, 10, Beaufort Road, Staple Hill, Bristol.

B.B.C. states that this proposal cannot be considered because Britain, under Lucerne Plan, has not sufficient wavelengths for present domestic purposes.

No Anxiety

OUT of my income of £5 weekly I am buying my house through a building society. I am, of course, only one of about a million and a quarter doing likewise.

Often I wonder what my position would be in the event of war if I had to be a soldier or was conscripted for labour and had not sufficient income to pay off the mortgage. Would I lose my home and all I had paid?—S. C., Cliveley, Eastcote, Middlesex.

No. In emergency, responsibility would rest with the Government to discharge civil liabilities.

THE HUMAN MACHINE

THERE are always two ways of doing a job. You can do it coolly, calmly and without worry; or you can do it surrounded with mental agitation, worry and panic, making a second job out of doing the first job. If you do the second you double, and more than double your labour. It's just as simple as that.

There's nothing clever about making a labour of work. It impresses nobody, not even yourself. You're only demonstrating to the world that you're a bad workman. Good craftsmen always work easily and calmly.

That "the bad workman blames his tools" is as age-true as it is age-old. He blames the chair he sits in, the bench he works at, the employer for whom he works, the bricks he has to lay, the spade he is asked to use. He blames anything and everything except the one thing that is the real cause of his trouble—his own inability to work easily and smoothly.

Have you ever watched a real master of his craft working on a job? To the uninitiated he appears slow—painfully, almost criminally slow. But as you watch you get quite another impression.

It begins to dawn on you that he is not slow. He never has to undo anything. He never worries about how he is going to do anything.

By the end of the day he has done far more than a less skilled worker who fusses and fumes in his anxiety to get done quickly.

Worry and fuss create strain; and it is strain that makes work hard. No job is hard in itself. We can make it hard if we do it in the wrong way. That's why, most of us being accustomed to work with considerable effort and strain, we put the blame for our mental distress on the tools we use.

• Pulse Of Our Postbag

SUBJECT most largely attacked by Letter Bag contributors this week is the farce of Government inspection of factories, mines, public institutions and the like created by advance notification of the day and hour of inspectors' arrival.

All give detailed descriptions of everything being put ship-shape, defective and dangerous gear being stowed away or concealed and directors, managers and superintendents waiting in state for the ceremony to begin . . . Then back to the old order when it is over.

Usually when fault is even then found, correspondents say, the warnings remain disregarded because the same inspectors seldom call twice.

Next in volume among readers' comments are those upon the increasing presence in commerce and industry of married women with husbands in good employment and of police and other pensioners.

Schools Folly

I HAVE just retired from headmastership after forty-five years' experience, which has taught me that the bane of the educational system is the clamour by schools for "honours."

Precocious children are pushed on and overworked until, in after-life, health is broken and they are beaten by less gifted school-fellows. Slow pupils are neglected and gain thereby in physique, by which they are able to wear down the wrecked scholars in the contest for careers.—L. A. Easton, M.A., Queen's College, Cambridge.

Ignoring teachers' representations, Board of Education demands ever-increasing pace and still better results on paper.

"Left Outside"

AFTER sixteen months' unemployment I was told to present myself to a foreman at a large works.

"Could I play football? What teams had I played for and in what position?" were his first questions.

I began to mention my qualifications for the vacant job, but, nodding unconcernedly, he replied, "We're looking for a decent inside-right for the works' team. I'm afraid I can't fix you up, but if you know of anyone suitable, send him along."—N. L., Brougham Street, Lozells, Birmingham, 19

Perhaps managing-director insists on his executive being scratch golfers.

Grim and Foolish

A NEW still picture of the King is being shown on cinema screens while the National Anthem is played at the close of performances.

It shows his Majesty surrounded by belching cannon.

How much kindlier the sentiments and response of the public would be if our Sovereign was depicted among the unfortunates in the distressed areas of his land!—S. B., Warbreck Drive, Blackpool.

As a body, the Cinematograph Exhibitors' Association deprecates the militaristic portrayal of the King.

Write to "John Bull" About It

We invite readers to write to us about any subject of public interest, keeping us in touch with the world as they see it.

Letters should be as brief, forceful and topical as may be.

Half a guinea will be paid for each letter published. Envelopes marked "Letter Bag," should be addressed to "John Bull," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

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C.A. 373

The KING And Mr. Brown

"SOMETHING must be done to meet the situation . . . I will do all I can to assist you." It is King Edward speaking to an unemployed shop assistant, Allan Harris, of Blaenavon, during his visit to bleak, devastated South Wales.

And—at last—the Government has agreed that "something must be done." Terrified by gathering public anger—as intense as that which swept Sir Samuel Hoare out of the Foreign Office last year—deserted by many younger Tories in the Commons, inundated by petitions from Marchers whom Mr. Baldwin tried to snub until he discovered the nation's sympathy was behind them, and harassed by stinging Labour and Liberal criticism—at last, after five years of folded hands and fatalism, the Cabinet has whimpered and promised to turn its attention to the thousands of families which lie rotting in the Distressed Areas.

"Only give us until next March," squealed the Chancellor, announcing the surrender in the Commons. "We promise to do something then"—to introduce a new Special Areas Bill.

That was just before the King left for South Wales. The Parliamentary time-table was arranged to allow the coincidence. Undoubtedly the Cabinet hoped that the King's tour would serve as a smoke-screen to hide up its cruel "do-nothing" policy.

★ ★ ★

His Majesty, it was planned, would be accompanied and guided by, of all people, Mr. Ernest Brown, the Minister of Labour. He, thought Downing Street, could be depended on to absorb the King's interest in pleasing but trivial things—a land settlement scheme (which has benefited only a few hundred families), a football field and some children's model playgrounds, junior training centres, social clubs and so on.

This was a ruse to deceive the public in the rest of the country that there is a good deal of loveliness in the garden of the Special Areas. It failed abjectly.

The Members of the Government must have experienced extreme mental discomfort when they learned that the King—upon his arrival in South Wales—had summoned to dine with him Mr. Malcolm Stewart, the retiring Commissioner for the Special Areas—retiring because all the proposals he has made from first-hand knowledge for the salvation of the ravaged industrial districts have been ignored or frustrated by Mr. Baldwin's Government.

The confronting of Mr. Brown with Mr. Stewart by the King at that dinner-table is destined to permanent record in the political history of Britain.

That was not all. His Majesty insisted on wandering off the track of the official tour, bent on an independent enquiry.

He came upon the wreckage of one of the thousands of smitten factories and the broken men who once won their bread from it.

Tears were in the King's eyes as he said, "Something *ought* to be done to put you back to work." And the ring of challenge was in his voice when he went up to another body of stranded men and their wives and said, "Something *will* be done!"

Ought and Will! These are the Royal equivalents of Must. King Edward spoke a Command—a Command not to be obeyed a year hence or even next March, but now, this winter.

★ ★ ★

The first necessity to its performance is that the Labour Minister should be given a change of air. The Premier should find it easy to add him to his herd of scapegoats, particularly as Mr. Brown, as a Simonite, is in the Cabinet on sufferance.

And in this case Mr Baldwin could act with good and full reason and get the applause of the nation. Mr. Brown is much too small a man for the job. He cannot think in terms of the drastic remedies that the situation needs. If the miserable palliatives he has offered to the distressed areas were multiplied ten thousand times the hard-core of unemployment would be still untouched.

Mr. Brown has not even a sense of the fitness of things. It was only the other day that he preached a sermon on the doorstep of a derelict area from the text, "Feed My sheep"!

And what of the Government's intentions for its starving fellow-citizens now that it has promised to do "something"? We have no faith in them.

"... Accompanied and guided by Mr. Ernest Brown." The King and Mr. Brown in South Wales last week

Mr. Chamberlain, on whom the real responsibility for the Bill must rest—for he will have to find the money to implement its proposals—is not encouraging. He vaguely indicates rating and taxation relief for firms bringing new industries into the areas (advocated by A. G. Gardiner in these pages last week). He is kind enough to say that the Bill will further "any of the proposals of the Commissioners which the Cabinet accepts."

But he has said still worse. He has warned us that he and his fellow mandarins "have no spectacular plan up our sleeves." He finds it difficult "to find ways in which we can spend money which would effectively and rapidly achieve the purposes in view."

Nonsense! These are the words of a man who is beaten before he begins to fight. Mr. Chamberlain and his friends must not be allowed to get away with this sort of thing.

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We demand the *immediate* appointment of a full-time Cabinet Minister in charge of the Distressed Areas, with the rank and prestige of a Secretary of State. This Minister must not be an empty megaphone like Ernest Brown, but someone of the initiative, drive and organising power which Lloyd George and Winston Churchill were capable of showing when they were younger.

We demand instant, continuous, vivid action from this man. He will make mistakes, of course. But mistakes can be remedied. Hopeless inaction cannot. This man will do well so long as he remembers first, last and all the time that there must no longer be two Britains—one starving and stagnant, the other flourishing on Stock Exchange booms and armaments contracts.

But one person alone cannot be expected to cope with a problem confounded and worsened by the manner in which the Government has fooled and played with it for five years. He must have at his service something in the form of a National Development Board, with resources of anything up to £100,000,000 available, and widely representative of industry and commerce and the trades unions.

Above all, the functions of such a Board must be to act as a magnet to attract *additional* industrial activity to the depressed areas and not well-settled enterprises from other districts. It must also possess powers to plan the creation of publicly owned industries and services.

Start crusading yourself on behalf of your fellow-men and women in the Distressed Areas. Join us in keeping before every Minister, before every M.P., the stark facts of this wound from which the health and happiness of the nation are bleeding to death.

For years JOHN BULL has exposed and pleaded for simple humanity. We go on now with the inspiration of King Edward's command—"Something must be done!"

Straight From the Shoulder

NO WINSTON CENTRE COALITION

Poor Christmas for Millions—Conscription Plot Thickens—Dope Girls

WILD stories in circulation to the effect that Mr. Winston Churchill and Sir Walter Citrine intend to form a new Centre Party are completely fantastic.

The facts are quite plain.

Mr. Churchill and Sir Walter Citrine both believe there should be a rearmament programme in order to protect Great Britain against what they regard as the German Fascist menace.

Both of them believe that the new arms should be used to establish and defend collective security.

Both of them want an International Peace Force.

This is the reason why they are combining with Sir Austen Chamberlain, Sir Archibald Sinclair and others to establish a "Peace and Freedom" movement in this country.

Defence Of Liberty

There will be no new political Party, but there will be a coming together of people in the Centre who are prepared to defend Parliamentary institutions the rights of free speech and public assembly against the attacks which are being made both from the extreme Right and Left.

Cheerless Christmas

Christmas is coming. For twelve millions of your fellow-men a wageless Christmas!

Christmas and Boxing Day fall on Friday and Saturday. This means in the heavy industries that power, let down on Thursday, will not be raised sufficiently to allow full resumption of work until Tuesday.

Days without wages. Hardship to breadwinners, housewives and children, heavy loss to traders.

Twelve Millions Suffer

Of fifteen million manual workers, only three million have paid holidays as a right.

All the blame cannot fairly be placed on the employers.

Big industrial and manufacturing organisations have agreed to the reform in principle. But they cannot adopt it because in each trade they have competitors who stand out.

Why the Government continues to refuse a short Act which would force the recalcitrants into line is beyond comprehension.

No Sympathy

And another cheerless Christmas for the workless.

Unemployment Assistance Board, "after carefully considering the situation," decides to grant no extra assistance during Christmas week.

A pity But, frankly, you can't expect the Board to show any human sympathy, can you?

Conscription Coming?

The conscription plot grows.

We told you about it long before conscription was mentioned by Ministers. Now they're trying to prepare you for the big idea by a weekly dose of alarmism.

Lord Stanhope says "the voluntary Army system is in grave danger." Duff Cooper follows with, "Unless there is a very large improvement in the immediate future the system will break down."

But if they hope to smuggle in conscription by back-door methods or impose it on us by blunt force, they'll find themselves broken

Keeping Tommy Down

Let them listen to Lord Strabolgi, who argues that more recruits will be obtained if the Army is "democratised" from top to bottom.

He's right in saying that too few officers are promoted from the ranks (though snobbery in the Navy is even worse).

Stanhope, who seems to be at such pains to admit that Army life must be made more attractive, should act on Strabolgi's hint.

ROUNDING-UP THE CROOKS

Sir Edward Tindal Atkinson, Director of Public Prosecutions, is a busy man just now.

After a country-wide campaign, he's got at least twenty-two prosecutions pending against the "bogus directory and time-table" crooks—men who put your name in a piffling directory provided you pay for the privilege or book advertisement space.

Canvassers for this racket usually get 50 per cent. of the swag they obtain. Easy enough to trap these lesser fry, of course, but hitherto the principals have gone scot-free.

Painstaking investigation has penetrated their defences, and soon they'll be in the dock. To receive stiff punishment, we hope.

Dope Den Infamy

Girls of fifteen and sixteen who run away from home find refuge in the sort of cafés referred to in the recent hashish case at Hull.

Doped by cigarettes containing hashish and other drugs, they are employed to attract foreign seamen.

Long ago we revealed the growing sale of these cigarettes, the growing number of dope dens. Maybe Authority will now stop under-estimating the evil, will start to stamp it out.

More Dumping

Why are so many working-class homes being built with foreign materials? Here's one answer: Over 180,000,000 foreign bricks have been imported this year, 660,000 cwt. of foreign tiles, 22,000 tons of slates, and £1,200,000 worth of builders' woodwork.

No doubt the Government will do what it did with the Coronation Souvenir Dumping ramp—wait until the building boom is over and the foreigners have enjoyed their rake-off, and then take action.

Boarding Them Out

Remember our doubts when the overcrowding law was introduced? They seem justified by some of the things we hear.

Here's one example: A Braintree man with ten children is told to leave his home because it's inadequate for his needs. But the council house offered him isn't big enough either, so he is curtly ordered to put four of his children into lodging!

Fine advertisement for the "More Babies" campaign, Kingsley Wood!

Worrying The Injured

Injured people should not be questioned immediately after accidents, says Judge Ruegg, of Birmingham—and that's a rule we'd like to see enforced everywhere.

Case concerned a boy of fourteen who lost three fingers in a mishap at work. Questioned while lying in great pain, he said the accident was his own fault.

He's on the warpath for Peace and Freedom—and new friends!

But the judge has awarded him compensation.

Not for the first time, we say Judge Ruegg is a good judge.

Is It Worth While?

There's a feeling in the Church that the National Assembly, which has just ended its autumn pow-wow, doesn't represent Churchpeople.

Bishops have their own House. Deans and archdeacons belong to the House of Clergy, and only the better-off parish clergy can afford the three weeks' attendance in London.

Same thing is even more true of the House of Laity, which largely consists of retired colonels, "squires from the shires and spinsters from the spas."

Waste Of Time

Much of the sessions' time is wasted in futile discussions. A canon proposes a resolution in a long speech; a vicar seconds it in an equally long one. Then a bishop, while agreeing with the object of the resolution, suggests it should be withdrawn. It is—and so three hours are wasted.

If the Church can't devise a better National Assembly, why hold one at all?

Sanctioned

Sanctions may have been lifted, but there is one that should be in force.

Certain Italians who lived over here, and went out to slaughter the Abyssinians, are returning and getting their jobs back. Mr. Tom Williams, M.P., is raising the matter in the House to-day and wants the Government to name the firms who are employing them.

Aren't there enough British unemployed to fill these jobs?

Another Try-On

Our Postmaster-General, Major Tryon, is adept at excuses. M.P.s have been asking him to allow relatives to send Christmas parcels to soldiers serving abroad at reduced rates.

But he refuses. Too many difficulties in the way, he says. When there's a will, there's a way, P.M.G.

Wireless Shock

Over a quarter of a million listeners are affected by a court decision that relay subscribers needn't have separate wireless licences.

The case concerned people living in luxury flats. But many relay listeners are poor people.

What is good law for the rich is good for the poor. Either all should pay, or none.

Walter Elliot's Big Worry

MR. WALTER ELLIOT, Secretary for Scotland, is worrying about his biggest problem. Scotland's death-rate is higher than that of most northern European countries. Maternity death-rate is also well above the average.

The cold climate is often blamed for these facts. Real reasons are bad housing, inadequate medical services, poor hygiene.

So the remedies are pretty obvious, Walter.

Asking For Accidents

Despite Hore-Belisha, road accidents are still invited.

On the main road near Horley there's a bad bend with no banking. Road slopes to a junction. In the middle of the bend the surface changes.

A wet afternoon. Large car going towards London; driver slows at cross-roads. Motor cyclist, travelling reasonable speed, comes round bend in opposite direction. Directly it touches new surface his machine skids, throws driver almost under car's wheels.

Before he has time to pick himself up another cycle with pillion passenger follows; same thing happens. Only the motorist's care saves three lives.

Experimental surfaces are necessary somewhere, but just idiotic on dangerous bends!

In The Air

Restlessness among wireless operators on some airway lines is coming to a head. Trouble has been brewing.

Operators complain that they are subjected to regimental treatment and Army "class distinctions," are not supposed to mix with their pilots "socially." The discontent is heightened by the contrast of other air lines where ex-officer influences do not exist.

Airways are commercial concerns and should be run on commercial lines.

Boycotting The Mills

Three thousand jobs for boys and girls in Lancashire mills are going begging.

Reasons for the shortage of juvenile labour are plain: blind-alley nature of the work, low wages paid to skilled adults. (Starting wages are, on the whole, not bad.)

And that's why boys and girls won't enter the mills, why hundreds of skilled operatives aged twenty to thirty are leaving them.

Revolution's Secret

The Iraq revolution may change the whole aspect of the Near East. Iraq is an Arab kingdom, but the revolution's leaders are Kurds, kinsmen of the Turks.

Kemal Pasha, dictator of Turkey, is an anti-Arab. His war against the religion of Islam was a war against an Arab religion. And, being an ally of Russia, he fears Italy, hates the prospect of an Arab confederation which would be under Italian influence.

So you can bet your boots he had something to do with the revolt. What will be his next move?

Bad For Children

So a woman has spoken. Elizabeth Denby has told men architects where they get off.

Flats, she says, are unpopular among poor people. That's sweeping, but we agree with one criticism—that mothers living on the top floors of high buildings are inclined to keep children indoors rather than face the long drag up and down stairs. And we can't blame them.

Ban Lifted

Good! The Y.W.C.A. at last lifts its ban on boys, allows them into its girls' clubs.

This step should humanise the clubs and benefit both girls and boys. For the teens is the right time for young folk to have the opportunity of appreciating each other's views.

The dead man, Massimino Monte-Colombo (A), with his two brothers Pepino (B) and Nello (C), as they appeared in the film described on this page

GANGSTER RACKET Behind Dog-Racing

A GIGANTIC racket has crept into dog racing in this country.

Bookmakers on many of the tracks not licensed by the National Greyhound Racing Club are forced to pay heavy toll to the racing gangsters. They must hand over their money regularly at each meeting or take the unpleasant consequences.

Only by payment can they gain protection, insure against the risk of unfortunate accidents and safeguard their livelihood.

Only a hint of what is going on was given the other day at the Old Bailey trial of Pasqualino Pappa (otherwise Bert Marsh) and Herbert Wilkins, charged originally with the wilful murder of Massimino Monte-Colombo at the Wandsworth Greyhound Stadium, but convicted and sentenced for his manslaughter.

Formerly, stalwart thick-set Monte-Colombo laboured honestly as an asphalter—until he saw there was easier money in the dog race racket. Then he became a paid "protection" man, sponging on the bookmakers.

In doing so, he interfered with the similar job of Marsh and Wilkins, and thus brought about the quarrel which led to his death.

On one occasion, curiously enough, Monte-Colombo played the part of a protection man in a racing film. He appeared with his brothers as "nameless extras" to a famous actor who was the bookmaker in the picture story. His face was shown on the screen in hundreds of cinemas throughout the country.

So many startling facts were revealed to the police by his death that there is to be a "clean up" of the dog track gangs in London. Observation is to be kept by detectives of the Flying Squad, and the complete ramifications of the gangs will be made the subject of a special report to the Commissioner of Police.

There are at present two big gangs, who divide up many of the more popular tracks between them. Each gang has its own well-defined territory. Never is there any trespassing.

The head of one is a business man who rides about in a motor-car fitted with bullet-proof glass. He runs his racket as a business and his profits amount to many thousands of pounds a year.

Whenever he chooses to visit a dog track, his presence is signalled from one ring to another. He walks around with a protection bodyguard, and is saluted everywhere he goes.

Not long ago there was a small difference of opinion in a West End night club between two emissaries of the gangs. Their then good relations were broken by the fight which took place. It led to a threat of gang warfare which would have spread outbreaks of disorder at several London tracks. Both sides were only waiting instructions from their chiefs.

But both "bosses" decided instead to take a holiday out of the country.

Peace terms were eventually arranged, and it was agreed that whatever might happen at night clubs was not the official concern of either gang.

Why the bookmakers fall victims to the racket is just this. No bookmaker has any prescriptive right to any position at any of the tracks.

He has no recognised standing. He pays for his admission—five times the rate of the ordinary visitor—but for that he has no guarantee of a suitable place in a ring.

From that point the racket of the gangs begins. Payment to them secures a bookmaker a regular place. No one else dare intrude on that spot. It is marked down by the protection men.

Fees are taken from the bookmakers for a variety of "other services." They must buy their betting tickets and the cards of the runners in each race through the protection men.

They must pay the gang for their stools, their easels, and the small electric lights they use. They are charged an extravagant amount for "cloakroom" facilities.

They must even pay for the sponge which wipes their betting odds clean after the running of each race. They have to purchase in addition every night "flimsies" of dog racing form.

All these "services" have a definite tariff rate. A bookmaker hands out to the racketeers anything between £2 and £7 a night. Multiply the payments by the number of bookmakers—seventy to hundred at each of the best tracks—and you can see there are fat profits for the gangs.

It is impossible for a bookmaker to break down this form of compulsory blackmail. Should he attempt to resist the imposition he is prevented from carrying on his business, and on his way home he is molested and attacked.

Another form of gang revenue is provided by the repeated and constant subscription lists to which the bookmakers must contribute.

Scarcely a week passes without a bookmaker being called on to give £1 or £5—according to his status—to some supposed charitable cause. There was a whip round of this sort to help to pay for the cost of the defence of Bert Marsh and Harry Wilkins.

The racketeers are content to batten on the bookmakers. Rarely do they interfere with ordinary members of the public. Indeed, to some extent, the protection men help to keep order in the rings.

They will give information to the police or ring stewards if any known pickpocket or outside crook is present.

They will never allow any outside individual to spoil their nightly pickings.

Recently there was a case of two men coming from Manchester and attempting to bribe a kennel lad at a London track to upset the running of a certain greyhound.

The kennel lad reported the offer made to him. (There is a rule at most tracks that if a servant is offered a bribe and reports it to the proper authority, then he is paid double the amount of the offer as a reward for his having given the information.)

News of the attempted bribery was passed to the protection men on duty. And later that night the visitors from Manchester were found by the police lying unconscious in a street near the track. The gangsters had taken their revenge for this attempt to upset "the book."

On another occasion a journalist who had written some highly critical articles on a phase of gang operations was flung down a stand staircase and severely injured.

At one London track two bookmakers endeavoured to open business without the "assistance" of the protection gang. The first night they were so surrounded by gangsters that no punters could reach them to lay bets. And the next night they were waylaid and assaulted. In the end they had to buy their right to operate.

Wages paid to protection men are good. A recruit, vouched for by his associates as a useful ally in a rough-and-tumble street row, will begin at £6 a week, plus the "pickings" he can make privately.

From his beginning, selling the sponge or chalk to bookmakers for the gang organisers, he graduates up to a kind of non-commissioned job in charge of a gang squad. For that, according to the importance of the track, he may receive as much as £20 a week.

All wages are distributed in Treasury notes. The paymasters of the gang never by any chance deal in cheques or Bank notes. Money they handle must not be traceable.

There is a smaller, but growing, sideline to the dog track game. That is protection work for dubious night clubs and bottle parties in the West End of London.

Exactly the same kind of intimidation is followed. The proprietor of an establishment, known to be carrying on a form of business against the law, is approached and told that he will be "looked after" and saved from the visits of undesirables if he guarantees a certain weekly sum to the thugs.

Pay he must. Otherwise his place will be visited one night and broken up. His customers will be frightened away, and generally he will find it impossible to carry on.

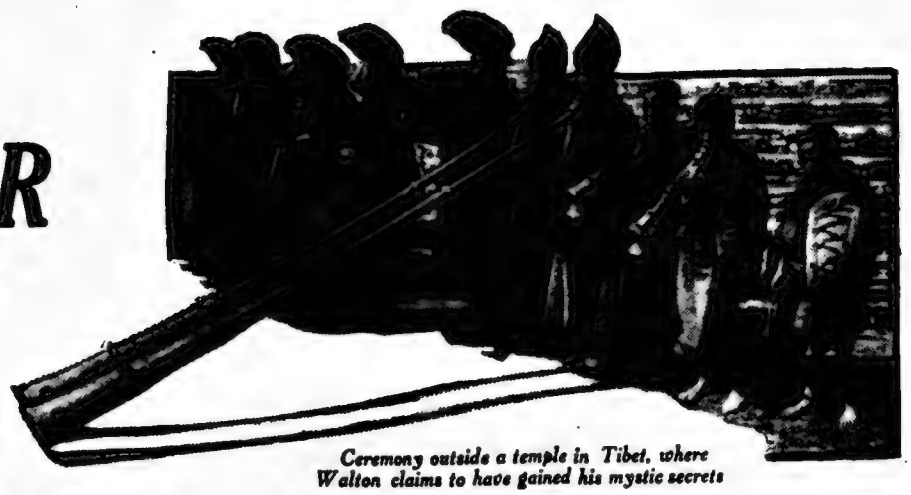
Only concerted action by the directors of the tracks in combination with the police can bring an end to the scandal

Sir Philip Game, Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, has called for more drastic measures against the gangsters.

It remains for the track managements to give him and other police chiefs every assistance, so that these measures can write "finis" to the racket.

EXCLUSIVE INFORMATIONS FROM SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS

BAD "BROTHER SEVEN"



Ceremony outside a temple in Tibet, where Walton claims to have gained his mystic secrets

LEICESTER was honoured recently by the arrival of a "New Messiah," who cloaked his identity under the mystic titles of "Brother Seven of the Outer Guard" or "The Silent Brother," and claimed to have mastery over life and death.

One of his first moves was to distribute circulars inviting members of the public to become initiated into his mystic order, known as "The Mystic Brethren of the Essenes," and said to be international in scope, secret in principle, silent in operation and impersonal in service.

His circulars were headed "Greetings from the White Rose" and dated "First Day of the Golden Dawn."

Behind all this mysticism we find the personality of a young Leicester man named plain Fred Walton, who has just returned to his native city after years of wandering.

According to his story he left home at fourteen and went to New York, where he later made contact with two Tibetan brothers, who persuaded him to see the Forbidden Land.

After extensive travels he reached Tibet, where he became the only white man ever to serve as Temple Master of the Sera Temple, Lhasa, thus earning the title of "Avelokitsewara."

He declares that at about the time he left Lhasa, some seventeen months ago, the existing Dalai Llama mysteriously disappeared from Tibet.

"Who knows," he adds dramatically, now that he is back in England once more, "I may yet find him here."

Whether "Brother Seven" means that the missing Dalai Llama may be found in Leicester or somewhere else in England he does not say. Nor does he indicate what will happen when the Dalai Llama is found.

"Brother Seven," however, expects to get on quite well without him, since he claims to have discovered the secret of eternal life, and proposes to "sweep the world" with his teachings.

If he confined himself to harmless mysticism we should not mind very much, but he is also professing to teach his followers how to cure themselves of countless diseases, including cancer and tuberculosis. On this subject he is anything but a "silent brother," for he declares that he is "willing to challenge medical men and prove any assertions on any public platform."

So far he has worked no cures in Leicester, nor has he been able to produce evidence of any cures elsewhere. He did call on one man who had suffered from consumption for three years, but that patient is still under medical care, in spite of "Brother Seven's" declaration: "I know he is cured."

With the idea of attracting adherents, Fred Walton recently hired the Leicester Corn Exchange Hall for a public meeting. This hall holds over three hundred people, but, rather ominously, "Brother Seven's" audience numbered exactly seven! Lesser men might have decided to cancel the meeting, but not "Brother Seven of the Outer Guard." Inviting his few followers to come nearer the platform, he regaled them with tales of his experiences in Tibet, and the strange power of mind over matter.

Fred Walton—otherwise 'Brother Seven'

Then a plate was passed round hopefully among the faithful seven for a silver collection. The result was naturally disappointing.

The way of the "New Messiah" was indeed difficult, faced as he was with the cost of hiring the hall, to say nothing of his bills for printing and other incidental expenses.

He invited one member of the audience, to whom he chatted at the end of the dismal meeting, to foot the bill; but this invitation was declined, with the suggestion that perhaps "Brother Seven's" powers of magic might enable him to find a way out of his difficulties.

The "Silent Brother" was certainly visited with an inspiration, for he announced that he was going to organise a series of classes in telepathy for the benefit of a few paying pupils!

This suggestion, made on Friday, November 13, has not matured, for "Brother Seven of the Outer Guard," like the Dalai Llama of his story, has suddenly disappeared.

He departed on the morning of the 15th, saying he was going to Glasgow.

There for the moment ends the queer story of this "New Messiah," who has disappeared in mystery when his campaign to "sweep the world" had barely begun.

If he reappears in Glasgow or any other town making similar outrageous claims the public will know how to receive him

SHADY PROSPERITY LEAGUE

ONE league breeds another in the scheming mind of a shady trickster who passes by the name of "Vincent Jackson"; advertises for clients under a "Monomark" registration; has an accommodation address in New Oxford Street, London, but actually operates from a house in Doncaster, Yorkshire.

The latest device of this Vincent Jackson is "The Prosperity League," which no doubt brings some prosperity to its founder, but certainly does little in that direction for its members.

Jackson is an individual who chooses his victims from among poor people. He addresses his appeal to those of restricted means, anxious to earn a little extra money by work in their spare time or at home.

This is his advertisement: "Envelope addresser required; good pay; stamp for reply BM/ALBU, Monomark House, London."

A reply to that advertisement brings a letter from Vincent Jackson, supposedly written from 1s, New Oxford Street, W.C.1, in which he says: "Are you interested in the sort of work I do at home in my spare time. I address envelopes for a large Mail Order Firm, and there is always well-paid work.

"If you think this worth considering, either as a regular occupation or a stop-gap, send me one shilling for my trouble and I will give you full details."

* * *

When fees have been paid, there follows a preposterous letter headed "The Prosperity League," and beginning, "Dear Friend,—I am writing to tell you how my luck has changed since I started working at home for the Prosperity League. If you want to earn extra money also, either full or part time, you may join the League by sending one shilling to the member whose name is at the top of the list below."

Really "The Prosperity League" is just one of those ridiculous and objectionable chain-letter systems. Money comes—so it is said—to the writers so long as the chain continues.

Enquiries show that the name of Vincent Jackson is an alias for a Mr. A. J. Bunting, of Becket Road, Doncaster, a notorious home-work swindler, who was exposed in these columns on a previous occasion.

Bunting, or Jackson, or whatever he may call himself, has no office at 1s, New Oxford Street, London. Letters answering his advertisements are sent there from Monomark House, and then despatched in bulk to Doncaster.

It is time that Bunting and/or Jackson was checked in his unscrupulous fee-snatching.

Peak-Cap Plunderer

BEWARE the newest version of one of the oldest tricks in the world.

An engaging young man with a disarming smile calls at the door and says he is from the engineering department of the B.B.C. There are many complaints about wireless interference in the district. *Your* set may be causing the trouble. Could he take it to his van round the corner and make any adjustments necessary?

Four people in two adjoining streets at Wimbledon, South London, had their sets charmed from them by his glibness in the course of an hour. There was a van at the end of the street all right, but it was soon vanishing into the blue.

As Scotland Yard think he is a man who is expert at all forms of this particular trick, it is well to bear in mind a few of them.

He may come to you as a man from the local surveyor's office and ask you to listen in one room while he taps against the wall in another. He will be filling his pockets while you listen.

He may pose as an electrical expert sent to test your installation, and ask you to go upstairs and turn lights on and off while he watches the switchboard. The effect will be the same.

Alternatively, he might present himself as an official of the water authority, or the gas company, or the Post Office telephones. Don't be impressed by a peaked cap or a uniform—that's part of his stock-in-trade.

Whoever calls at your house on any such mission, demand to see his official identification card. And don't take "I'm not given one" as an excuse. Tell him "No card, no admission"

TWO MEAN SCAMPS

HEARTY names, Don Dale and Bob Hadger. Yet they are the stock-in-trade of two of Britain's meanest scamps.

The other day they called on Mrs. F. Dickens, a Finchley widow, and her unemployed son. A woman friend of Mrs. Dickens introduced them.

They were hotel waiters who had come up from Brighton to take a job in a Kensington hotel, they explained.

And so they were shown to the best room the widow had available while she rarely having more food in the house than would suffice for the needs of herself and her son, trudged out into pouring rain to buy the homely fare that her sense of hospitality dictated.

"See you at five-thirty," they told her cheerily the next morning, when they said they were leaving for work. And that's the last she saw of them—and of most of her treasured possessions.

Stripping the wardrobe and all the drawers, stealing such everyday articles of worth as a wrist-watch and cigarette lighter, and even taking the only suit and overcoat of an unemployed man, was their way of repaying a woman who gave them hospitality.

Enquiries show that the woman who introduced them was herself deceived by their plausibility, as they had first approached her for accommodation.

Cheery Don Dale is about thirty-five years of age, six feet tall and clean-shaven, and alert-looking Bob Hadger is five-feet-four, fair-headed and clean-shaven.

Anybody who helps to put them behind prison bars will make life a little safer for people who, like Mrs. Dickens, are trusting in their hospitality.

WILY RACING TIPSTER

"MY object is always to send my clients good things at good prices." So runs a remarkable offer sent out by circular letter from A. M. Burkitt, of Drayton Lodge, Ockerhill, Tipton, Staffs.

Burkitt describes himself as a "racing commissioner," whatever that may mean. After boasting of having sent eight good winners to his clients, this philanthropist of the Turf kindly offered to send "four secret stable intelligence telegrams for £1 only," instead of his usual charge of £5.

A North London reader was sufficiently impressed to send 20s. for some "real gems."

The following week he received four telegrams, and each horse mentioned was a loser!

Then followed a letter from Burkitt, the "racing commissioner," regretting that his stable intelligence telegrams had proved unsatisfactory, adding rather pathetically, "I can hardly account for the failures."

However, Burkitt was undismayed at the loss of his trusting client's money, and had the impudence to suggest that the victim should send along another £1 for four "special" telegrams.

"I shall not fail you for unique information, legitimately secured from special sources, which will bring you through with flying colours," added this Turf wizard.

We can only urge our readers to let Burkitt keep his secret stable intelligence to himself. The average punter can manage to pick his own losers without paying for telegrams—"special" or otherwise!

Mrs. Ward, the widowed mother, with her young son

DYING MAN CERTIFIED INSANE

ARTHUR WARD, agricultural labourer, of Willoughton, Lincolnshire, is dead. But there must be no death to the scandal surrounding his tragedy until a searching official enquiry is held to see justice done.

Ward was admitted to the Lincoln County Hospital in September, suffering from diabetes and a septic foot, and within a month his wife, who had made sacrifices in order to visit him, was delighted to hear that he was well enough to be discharged.

She was asked to come to the hospital for instructions as to his future diet, but on her arrival she found that he was still very ill.

There was no explanation as to the origin of the misleading message.

That was the first shock. The next came a week later when, at half-past eight in the morning, Mrs. Ward was sent for to be told that her husband was to be removed to a lunatic asylum.

Mrs. Ward was told that he would be kept in the hospital over the week-end, and taken away on the following Monday or Tuesday.

But it is obvious that not even the hospital staff knew what would be their instructions from one moment to another.

On the Sunday Mrs. Ward was sent for again, this time after midnight. Her husband was delirious. She sat with him through the night, while he passed from delirium into a coma, and it was at this stage the public assistance authority stepped in.

Although he was unconscious, an order was signed for his removal into the asylum, and countersigned by a magistrate in spite of protests from the wife. The magistrate was not even asked to see the man whose liberty was thus signed away.

That afternoon Mr. Ward was removed to Bracebridge Mental Hospital in a police ambulance, and his wife was declined permission to see him once he had passed through the doors of the asylum.

The doctor at the mental hospital was sympathetic, but when Mrs. Ward asked to see her husband she was told that he was "having a bath." Yet he was still in a coma.

He never did regain consciousness. *Within twenty-four hours of being certified insane Arthur Ward died!*

A post-mortem examination revealed that death was due to diabetes; his mental condition was not even remarked upon.

* * *

Final shock: Shortly after the burial an official called on the widow in her cottage home with a request for £2 10s., being 35s. for the use of the police ambulance, 2s. for the telegram announcing the death, 5s. for the attendant, and 8s. maintenance for one day!

A BOOK TO BURN

IN view of the pernicious activities of a Mrs. Annie Phelps, we advise parents to protect the minds of their children by keeping a watchful eye on their letter-boxes.

At any time there may arrive uninvited an envelope which, unaddressed to anybody by name, contains one of the dirtiest booklets it has ever been our lot to read.

Certainly it advises any recipient not interested in birth control to destroy the package unopened, but this might serve to whet the appetite of any child with a natural desire to probe mysteries he or she doesn't thoroughly understand.

* * *

Children who concealed this package from their parents would find inside a 10,000-word detailed description of human relationship which would easily give them a distorted outlook on sex for the rest of their lives.

The booklet bristles with phrases which Mrs. Phelps describes as "straightforward," but any one of which, introduced into a work by a novelist, would result in the book being banned. Yet copies of it are being dropped indiscriminately through thousands of letter-boxes, to be read by anybody, irrespective of age or sex.

What can Mrs. Phelps' object be? Not to campaign against the Catholic Church, although she flays that Church for its "fanaticism and ignorance."

Mrs. Phelps pretends throughout that it is for the public weal. That is why she speaks of "a subject of national necessity," "science coming to the rescue," "my calling as an advocate of birth control," and "when first I became a public adviser."

No, Mrs. Phelps' aim is to sell certain articles to her own profit. That is why we refuse to give her a free advertisement by mentioning her address.

Birth control is, we know, a very vital controversial subject. Thoughtful and sincere people have written extensively on it. But not with the aims, objects and crudeness of Mrs. Annie Phelps.

For all her pretence that she wants to make married life "harmonious," this good lady gives the game away to her "supporters"—no, they mustn't be called customers—when she has led up to her Special 12s. 6d. Parcel offer.

HOSPITAL SOCIETY TO SHUN

NATURALLY, any appeal on behalf of our sick in hospitals is likely to meet with a ready response from the generous public.

In this connection the National Library Society for Hospitals, of Hanover Square, London, recently launched a campaign to increase its revenue.

The main object of this society, according to a recently distributed four-page leaflet, is to "become a great dispensary for the minds of patients and convalescents by distributing books and magazines to every British hospital and kindred institution at Home and Abroad."

An ambitious project this, and one likely to appeal to the charitably minded!

The present appeal is a double-barrelled one. First for books and magazines; secondly, for cash donations.

"A large sum is required to meet the various expenses of the library, which, as the demands upon it are ever on the increase, become increasingly heavy.

"Donations for current expenses, and our £10,000 Endowment Fund, are urgently needed for this great work."

No further details are supplied concerning the £100,000 Endowment Fund, and the reader of the society's brochure is left wondering what this large sum is actually needed for.

Not long ago a group of collectors from the National Library Society for Hospitals engaged in an intensive house-to-house campaign in Cambridge, armed with collecting-boxes.

★ ★ ★

Their activities moved Mr. J. E. Bidwell, Vice-Chairman of the General Committee of Addenbrooke's Hospital, Cambridge, to send the following disclaimer to the local Press:

"Sir, I understand that a house-to-house collection is being made in the district on behalf of hospital libraries, and that certain people are under the impression that this is in aid of Addenbrooke's Hospital.

"This collection has not been organised by Addenbrooke's and the promoters are not authorised to use its name."

During the past few weeks collectors of the National Library Society for Hospitals have been active in many parts of the country

Recently a hospital at Norwich received a parcel of second-hand books, and a few days later six collectors from the National Library Society, armed with collecting-boxes, made an intensive house-to-house canvass of the residential parts of the town.

The secretary of this hospital rightly protested that they have an efficient library for patients run by the British Red Cross Society, and that they prefer to be without any further gifts of books which are made the pretext for collecting more money from the public.

There are similar complaints from hospitals at Maidstone, Tunbridge Wells and Ramsgate, and in some cases the name of the matron has been used without authority by collectors as a means of obtaining money from the general public.

★ ★ ★

All this shows that the National Library Society for Hospitals is making widespread appeals for financial support.

Actually, the British Red Cross Society has for many years been doing the good work of providing reading matter for hospitals, so that the efforts of this small society are redundant.

The balance-sheet of the National Library Society for Hospitals for the twelve months ended March 31, 1936, is an interesting document.

We find that a tremendously high percentage of the income for that year was swallowed up in expenses!

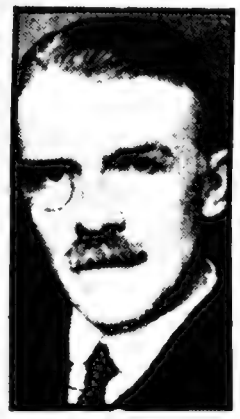
The purchase of books amounted to £11, while "freight and packing" cost £77.

Other items suggest that the amount of work done hardly justifies widespread appeals for support.

On the whole we see no good reason for the continued existence of this society, and still less reason for the public to give it financial or other support.

Slow-Motion Ministry

FEW sadder cases, reflecting the slow-motion methods of the Ministry of Pensions, have come to our notice than that of Bridget Goulding, aged twenty, who owing to bad health weighs less than six stone.



Mr. H. Ramsbotham, O.B.E., M.C., M.P., Minister of Pensions, whom we ask to examine this sad case

As she was unable to work, an allowance was paid to her father, an ex-soldier, by the Ministry of Pensions until November, 1935, when it was withdrawn on the pretext that she was no longer prevented by infirmity from earning her living.

She did her best to work; but weakness of heart and body compelled her to give up again and again. Since January 6 she has been a chronic invalid.

In July, at the request of her father, we took up the case with the Ministry. After a month of waiting we were told that enquiries were being made.

Two months later we were informed that the investigation was not complete. Though what investigation could be necessary in determining such a simple issue is difficult to understand.

At long last—following four months of delay—Officialdom decided to sanction payment of an allowance to her father! Why it should have taken all that time for the Ministry to deal with such a simple case is a mystery

Even now the allowance has been granted only as from July, 1936, though Bridget Goulding's disability dates from January 6.

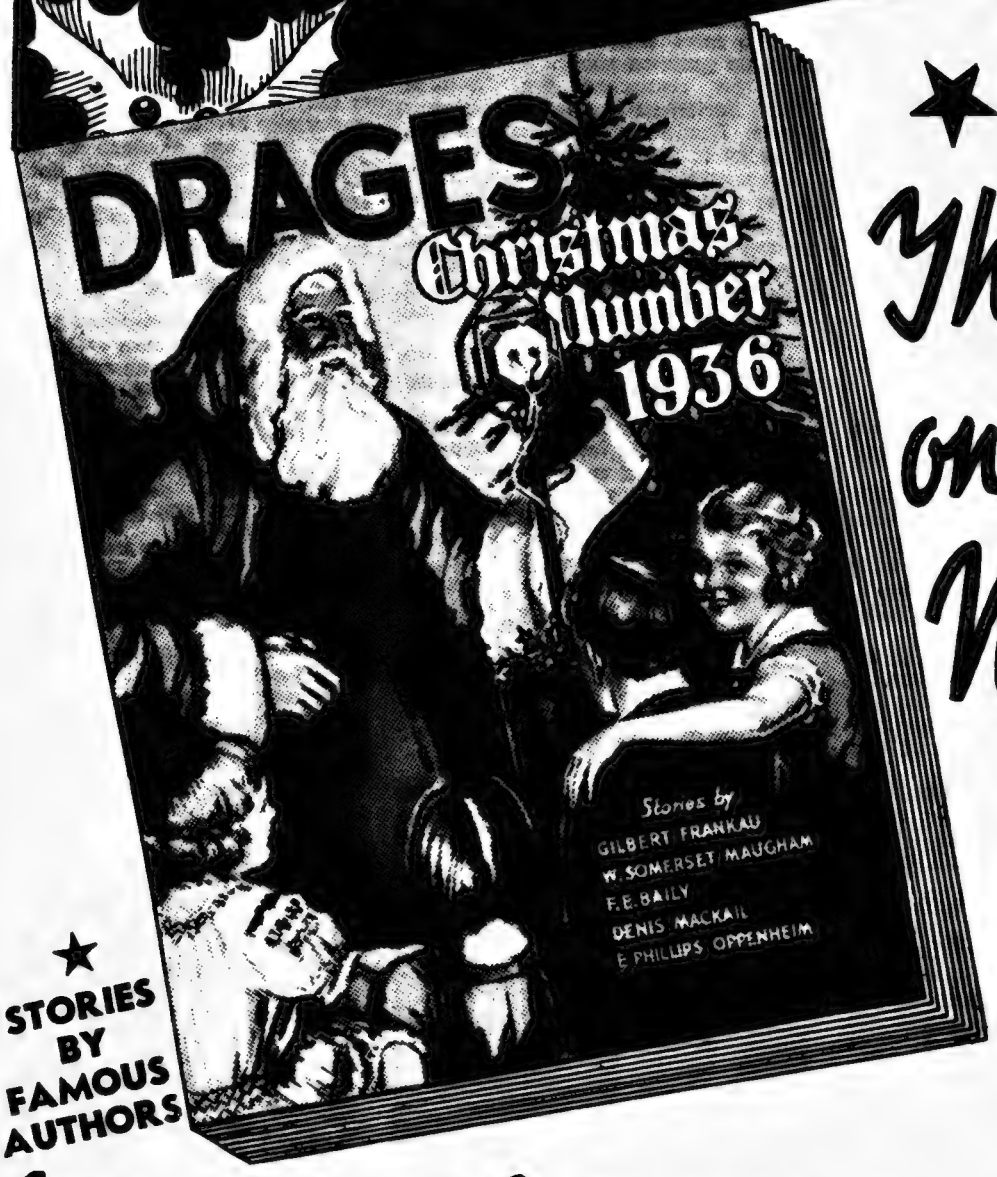
Such cheeseparing at the expense of genuine sufferers is deplorable and we demand that arrears from the proper date be paid at once.

MR. PROTHERO

Following our reference to the Oxford Art Agency on October 31, Mr. Glyn Protheroe informs us that no preliminary or other fees are now charged and the business for some time has been conducted on a commission basis only.

DRAGES

FINE FURNITURE AND FREE GIFTS



★ STORIES BY FAMOUS AUTHORS

The only Christmas Number that is Free!

★ PAGES OF FREE GIFTS TO SELECT FROM!

Write for your Free copy to-day!

Drages Christmas Number is proving a greater attraction than ever, this year. Thousands of copies have been applied for by Home Lovers who were eager to read the stories specially written by famous authors, and to study the remarkable range of Free Gifts of Furniture which are offered to all customers placing orders between now and Christmas. Send for your copy of this record Christmas Number NOW. Fill in the Coupon below and the book will be sent you by return so that you can take advantage of our unique Christmas Offers, and obtain prompt delivery of the Furniture and Free Gift you select.

50 PAY-WAY TERMS

Remember that in addition to the special Christmas Offers, Drages Famous 50 Pay-Way terms apply—50 months to pay (more than 4 years) and no deposit for approved accounts. So that a monthly payment of 20/- buys £50 worth of furniture—other amounts, large or small, in proportion. And a Free Fire and Life Policy, issued by the Eagle Star and British Dominions Insurance Co. Ltd., with Drages written Protection in case of illness or unemployment, are given to every customer.

ORDERS BY POST

Post Orders are given special personal attention, and you may order with complete confidence on the understanding that if, on delivery, any article does not meet with your fullest approval, it may be returned, exchanged, or your money refunded in full.

★ Fill in the coupon for your FREE copy to-day!

FREE Post in unsealed id.-stamped envelope. Please send me FREE copy of Drages Christmas Number.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

J.B. 28/11/36.

DRAGES

73-77 OXFORD STREET · LONDON · W1

MANCHESTER: 42 DEANSGATE ★ BIRMINGHAM: 101-103 BULL STREET

OPEN EVERY DAY TILL 8 P.M. TILL XMAS

LONDON CLOSED SATURDAYS 1 P.M. ★ BIRMINGHAM CLOSED WEDNESDAYS 1 P.M.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

BLINKERS OFF, MR. GEE

Landlords Not Lord Gods—Cad With a Camera—A Kick for Councillors

DEAR PHILIP GEE,—You're a clever man or you wouldn't be publicity agent to the mine-owners' trade union. The trouble is, you're too sanguine.

You don't make me rub my eyes in astonishment, as you intend; you just give me a pain under the chin.

Of course, I like the radiant pictures you paint in the pamphlet entitled "The Other Side of the Miners' Life," which you have just issued with the Mining Association's authority.

What pictures they are!

Miners living in pretty cottages, surrounded by masses of flowers. Miners and their families lolling in deck-chairs or on "a stretch of greensward shaded by a clump of trees," happily listening to a brass band in smart uniform.

Or there's the scene in "what looks like a West End cocktail bar," where spruce and smiling men are gorging "substantial meat pies and generous slabs of cake," helped on their way by steaming tea and coffee.

This place, which "gleams with polished steel, bright white concrete and coloured rubber panels," turns out to be the canteen of a Lancashire coal-mine.

Then you whisk us to a natural beauty spot, where the older ones are playing bowls on a fine lawn and the younger ones enjoying themselves at tennis—to the accompaniment of children's shouts from a near-by sandpit. This, you inform us, is the recreation ground of a Yorkshire colliery.

"We rub our eyes," you say. "We rub our eyes again."

But if you rubbed your head you might conjure up different pictures.

* * *

You might see the conditions endured by the *average* mining community. The indescribably drab, mean, unhealthy houses. The immense slag heaps. The bare, muddy patch that has to serve as recreation ground. Gloom and ugliness everywhere!

And you might ask yourself a few questions, Mr. Gee. How many colliery owners make the least attempt to lighten the miner's life? How many mines have those ornate social centres, parks and children's lakes which you so fervently describe? How many country mansions have been bought for pitworkers' clubs?

To each question you would have to return the same answer—a few, very few. No, your attempt to persuade us that the miners' leisure is spent on a bed of roses just won't do.

We all acknowledge that the Miners' Welfare Fund has done good work. Yet what has been done is no more than a hesitant start in the right direction. We all know that most of its cost is borne, not by the mine-owner, but the mine-worker.

"Gee, you surprise them!"

"Admittedly," you say, "the miner's calling has its full share of the risks and dangers to which all human beings are subject."

More than its full share, Mr. Gee. Think again and you'll realise that no other industry has so many brave men smashed to death each day, maimed for life or incapacitated for months.

But it doesn't matter, since the public will not take you seriously. Besides, anything less enthusiastic would probably displease the mandarins of the Mining Association.

Yet it's time you advised them that over-zeal is bad publicity. JOHN BULL.

Sir WILLIAM FIRTH,
Steel King

DEAR SIR WILLIAM,—No, the "whole darned world" isn't crazy because the Government won't raise the old-age pension to take old men out of industry and give the young unemployed a chance.

And if you read the shoals of letters I get you'd know that the little man wouldn't object to compulsory retirement at sixty-five on a decent pension.

Trouble rests not with the ordinary folk of the whole darned world, but with politicians and industrialists who are too doltishly conservative to tackle the unemployment problem. JOHN BULL.

Judge THOMPSON,
Bow County Court

DEAR JUDGE,—Thanks for making it plain that "landlords may be mighty but they are not almighty."

A landlord told the gas and electricity people that a tenant, of whose rooms he sought possession, was leaving, with the result that supplies were cut off.

He deserved your rap on the knuckles—and the millions of victimised tenants deserve a few more judges like you.

JOHN BULL.

CHARLES WILLIAM BANNISTER,
Tilbury

CHARLES, — Self-introduction among very young people is usually limited to "Beg pardon, haven't we met before?"

But that's too feeble for a man of thirty-four. So you told a girl over the 'phone that you had her photo in the nude, taken from the bathroom window, and calmly asked her to meet you.

Your month in jail should convince you that originality doesn't always pay.

JOHN BULL.

Censure For Cripps

Sir STAFFORD CRIPPS, K.C.,
Still With Us

DEAR CRIPPS,—Pity so clever a man keeps on making a fool of himself!

Your latest abuse of your brains is certainly the worst yet. Though you tell us that your phrase about "it might not be a bad thing for the British working class if this country were defeated in war" was misreported, your actual words leave no doubt of their meaning.

Hugh Dalton tells you that Labour men are astonished and indignant. Let me tell you that their feelings are shared by folk of all Parties—and of none.

JOHN BULL.

The COUNCILLORS,
Royal Borough of Kensington

GENTLEMEN,—How would any of you like it if the business which you'd run for thirty-seven years was taken away from you without appeal or compensation?

Well, that's what you tried to do to the poor man who keeps the coffee-stall just by your own town hall. After it had cost him £34 to prove to you in court that his licence still held good, you were generous enough to extend it for another three years.

Is it because he caters for cabbies, not councillors? JOHN BULL.

The ELEPHANT KEEPERS,
The Zoo, London

DEAR KEEPERS,—The story you told
About giving your elephants rum
Whenever they're catching cold
Must have struck our teetotalers dumb.
Or they surely must rise up and rave:
"You have ruined our innocent pets;
For you've started an alcohol crave—
And an elephant never forgets!"

JOHN BULL.

Miss MARIE SELBY,
Royston

DEAR MARIE,—You deserve the happiness that lies ahead of you. Your father forbade you to marry; imposed on you petty restrictions. Even for a girl of eighteen a 9.30 curfew each night is intolerable.

Naturally, like other young people, you wish to enjoy a little freedom—to be able to go to the cinema in the evening or take a walk with your sweetheart. Naturally, too, you left home.

Congratulations to the magistrates who have given you permission to marry! JOHN BULL.

Mrs. K. S. BAKER,
Battersea Borough Council

DEAR MADAM,—You say "it is a scandal the way the money is thrown at the people." The scandal is that you as a member of the Battersea Council and the P.A.C. should make such a sweeping statement.

No wonder P.A.C.'s are hated when their administrators talk like that.

JOHN BULL.

Lord LLOYD,
Portman Square, London, W.

DEAR LORD LLOYD.—Baldwin deserves your fierce attack. We all want to see vigorous and active leadership in national affairs.

You're a "strong man" yourself—but so strongly insistent on bigger and still bigger armaments that I'm glad you have no chance of reaching Downing Street.

You might remember that it isn't only weaklings like Baldwin who can bring the country "into a grave state of peril."

JOHN BULL.

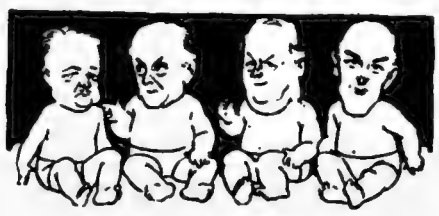
Rt. Rev. H. A. WILSON,
Bishop of Chelmsford

DEAR BISHOP,—You won't be shot. But you think we'd wake up religion if we shot a few bishops and parsons.

I don't. The killing of priests on the Continent doesn't seem to be furthering the cause of religion; nor does it seem that a dull parson would be any livelier if he were dead.

But quite a few diehard clerics deserve a kick. Why not apply it?

JOHN BULL



QUELLING THE QUADS

By a Very Special Investigator

THINKING of the St. Neots Quadruplets, who have a birthday on November 28, I was reminded of our own "National Quads"—Mr. Alfred Duff Cooper and Lord Swinton, the Secretaries for War and Air; Sir Samuel Hoare, First Lord of the Admiralty; and Sir Thomas Inskip, Minister for Co-ordination of Defence.

So I went round to No. 10, Downing Street to ask their papa, the Prime Minister, how they are getting along.

"I know," he said, "I know; you have come to enquire after Alfred and Swinton and Samuel and Thomasina. But, first, you must have a cup of Political Necessitea with me I insist! It's the only thing that keeps me going. Do you think it's too weak?"

"I am sure," I said, "that it is just as you like it."

"I am so glad," he said. "Sometimes I am rather stupid. Do you know, the other day I offered some to two large Parties, and they thought I hadn't put in any necessitea at all. They thought it was so weak. In the end I found myself in the hot water!

"But about my Quads. Well, I have an appalling confession to make. I love them, naturally, as a father, but I do find them a little trying.

"There's Alfred, a dear boy—and becoming more expensive every day, like the others—but such a wee madcap. He goes off by himself and says things: and then people come to me and say, 'Do you know what Alfred has been saying?'

"Samuel used to be the same. He said such awful things in French that I had to pretend I had no idea of what they meant. But that was long ago. He forgave me—so like the modern child, eh?—and now we're the best of friends.

"My chief worry, however, is the way they keep squabbling over the pocket-money I give them for their toys. And then Alfred and Samuel and Swinton are so jealous of each other. I did think that Thomasina, as she grew up, would have a good influence over them, but she's such a sweet girl, and . . . well, you know what boys are!

"Alfred wants more soldiers, and is jealous of Swinton's airmen. Samuel has some airplanes in his ships, and Swinton is jealous of them because he thinks they ought to belong to him. If they ever have to play seriously together, I can only hope for the best. No wonder that I sometimes find poor Thomasina in floods of co-ordination!

"You see, each of them wants to be in splendid isolation—to use a daily expression—in his own corner of the nursery; and Thomasina sits in the middle, beckoning and beckoning in vain. They're very quiet now: they must be sulking. I'll just drop a brick—young Anthony Eden was here, one day, building castles in Geneva, and he left this box behind—and see if it will rouse them."

Crash! The noise shook the House over the way.

There was a shout from the nursery, and a moment later in skipped little Thomasina. "Oh, papa!" she cried. "Do it again!! The boys are speaking to each other now. I think I'll get them together if you drop a really large one!"

"Trust me!" said their papa, smiling.

ODDS-ON COCKTAIL

PER BOTTLE 3/6

GILBEY'S

— cocktail with the winning flavour

Gilbey's WINES & SPIRITS

Fears and worries kept him awake . . .

Now—sure of his sleep—because he gets enough 'PROTECTIVE FOOD'

Daytime worries don't keep you awake at night if your system is in good 'tone.' Bad nights are a sign of toneless nerves and low resistance. The cause of these uncomfortable, exhausting—and sometimes dangerous—conditions can usually be traced to *a lack in the diet.* Are you sure you get enough 'Protective Food'?

What 'Protective' Foods are

'Protective Foods' are the foods that maintain the 'tone' of the system, and enable it to resist disease and functional disturbances. They are foods rich in *minerals and vitamins.* These are the 'protective' elements in foodstuffs, and they are essential to the health of every cell of the body—particularly the nerve cells. Everybody's diet contains some protective foods—milk, eggs, vegetables, fruit—but few people get enough, especially in winter. The foods, too, are often poor in their 'protective' elements at this season.

How to make sure of enough

A daily safeguard against shortage of minerals and vitamins may save you much worry and many ills. Take Bourn-vita—it's the surest and simplest. Bourn-vita is a delicious combination of fresh, full-cream milk, new-laid eggs, chocolate and barley malt. These ingredients supply your system with essential protective elements—calcium, phosphorus and iron, the vitamins A, B and D, necessary to keep your whole system in perfect tone.

MINERALS VITAMINS DIASTASE

Cadbury's

BOURN-VITA

THE PROTECTIVE FOOD

9D per ½ lb. full weight

After The Day's Work

The King
Intimate Diary
By
JOHN DRINKWATER

THE exacting daily routine of the King's life makes recreation imperative. We hear about him, or perhaps more fortunately see him on public occasions, but behind these is the seclusion of an interminable round of desk-work that can be maintained only by a very fit man.

Stamina has constantly to be renewed, and though the King has precious few hours that he can call his own, he neglects no opportunity of renewing it.

He is entirely British in his natural disposition for sports, games, and athletic exercise in general. He would gladly give more time than nowadays is possible to golf and squash rackets, in both of which games he is a useful performer.

Swimming is another of his preferences, and it was not the least attraction of his holiday cruise this year. Concentration is his habit in these amusements as it is in his work.

Concentration, indeed, may be said to have been responsible for a real act of self-denial when the King gave up hunting and steeplechasing. In these pursuits nothing could induce him to spare himself or minimise risks, with the result that Cabinet representations were made to his father that these were hazards not prudently to be taken by the heir to the Throne. Prudence of this kind has little part in the King's character, but a sense of duty conspicuously has, and official counsels prevailed.

While, however, he has ridden since then only by the necessity of travel or State ceremonial, he still enjoys nothing more than an afternoon with his friends at a point-to-point meeting. Never is he more happily in his element, and I am told that he means to make several such excursions in the New Year.

When motoring privately in the country the King likes to drive himself as much as possible, though in London he never takes the wheel. Like many other people who have to spend long hours at a desk he finds control of a high-powered car a very soothing liberation of nervous energy.

He gets a similar satisfaction from flying, which means more to him than an expedient method of transport. His private machines are fitted with dual control, and once in the air he frequently takes over for long stretches from his pilot, Wing-Commander Fielden, Captain of the King's Flight. Compelled as he is to live at high executive pressure, he finds in such occupation an admirable mental tonic.

In quieter hours the King delights in conversation with three or four men who have anything new to tell him, travel experiences, constructive ideas for public action, witty and shrewd observation on life in any sphere.

From a couple of hours in such company, with a whisky and soda, or better still a tankard of beer, the King returns refreshed to those interminable papers drifting into his office on an ever-flowing tide from all parts of the Empire.

Another matter of importance has recently been claiming the King's personal attention. His nieces, the Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret Rose, decided that they would like to send some of their toys for Christmas to children in the hospitals. They thought it necessary, however, to consult "Uncle David" about it, and the King consequently received an invitation to visit their nursery.

"THEY had to consult Uncle David about it."

On arrival he found a carefully displayed selection of dolls, woolly animals, dolls' houses and other such delights, in sundry stages of repair or disrepair.

With becoming seriousness the King inspected the motley assortment, and gave valuable advice as to repairs, though in some instances, I understand, the casualties were past remedy. Not content with that, he gave a hand himself in the necessary operations, and helped in making up the parcels that will brighten many a troubled little mind at Christmas.

This interlude was very much to the King's liking. His interest in youth is constant and practical, and no matter how young the youth may be it has his consideration. He has just given charming expression to this in the request that special provision shall be made for as many children as possible to see the Coronation procession from reserved stands.

I remember being hoisted up on my grandfather's shoulders to see Queen Victoria's Jubilee. I remember a good deal more vividly supporting my own small daughter in the same way in Hyde Park at King George's funeral, of which I myself could see nothing, and receiving an eye-witness's account from her. It is a decidedly unsatisfactory arrangement for the children themselves, and the King's thoughtfulness in ensuring that a considerable number of them at least shall do better at his Coronation is characteristic of him.

I hear, by the way, that the demand for copies of the official Coronation programme is already far exceeding all expectations. Several paper mills are working at high pressure on supplies, and plans are being made for special aeroplane transport to all parts of the Empire. I shall be surprised if the issue does not run far above the million mark.

One of the problems confronting the Coronation authorities is to find suitable words in the Abbey Service to define the King's exact position under the Statute of Westminster, which in 1931 gave self-government to the great British Dominions.

One difficulty is that the status of South Africa in the Commonwealth is not precisely the same as that of Canada, Australia and New Zealand, and another is the attitude of Mr. de Valera.

If the name of the Irish Free State is mentioned in the Service he may object, while its omission might be read as a tacit declaration that the Free State was no longer within the Commonwealth.

These are nice points for consideration, but a little good will should resolve them to everybody's satisfaction. In their settlement the King's own shrewd sense will be an important factor. None of his advisers has a clearer mind than he in dealing with these complicated matters of procedure.

Speaking of the Irish Free State, I may say that among the most appreciative letters that I have received lately from readers of these notes is one from a lady in County Clare, who writes: "As King he has my loyalty and allegiance, but it is the man in him that fills my heart with reverence and love." I know that the King is deeply anxious to establish our relations with the Free State on a basis of lasting friendship, and a note of affection such as this has a special significance.

Last week I mentioned the notes sent me by Mr. Grey Wornum concerning his official decoration scheme for the City of Westminster at Coronation time. I referred to his valuable suggestion that streets should organise themselves as units with a common plan, and I hope that this idea may be taken up all over the country. I should like to see thoroughfares everywhere, big and small, forming their own committees with the purpose of achieving uniformity instead of confusion in design over given spaces.

The Coronation should be regarded as one of the greatest national holidays our history has ever known, and everything is in favour of organising our festival mood to make as fine a show as possible. The more co-ordination we can get, the finer it will be. Believing that Mr. Wornum's considered opinions may help the public to this end, I hand them on for general consideration:

(a) Aim at uniform decoration on the solid wall spaces of buildings, rather than at individual decoration of windows, gables, and other architectural features.

(b) Work to a big scale, using simple colours, such as white, yellow-gold, jade-green, signal-red, and garter-blue. (Note: These are the main colours selected by the special Coronation Committee of Architects. Samples of the exact tints will shortly be published by the British Colour Council at a nominal price.)

(c) The Union Jack being the only flag which can correctly be used by the general public, it might well be supplemented by single-colour banners, with or without devices. These will be a conspicuous feature of the Westminster decorations. They should be displayed in blocks of one colour.

(d) Festoons may be used most effectively across narrow streets. If they are of inflammable material the risk of fire should be considered.

(e) The small souvenir decorations which will be on sale by the million are more suitable for indoor than outdoor decoration, in which large massed effect should be the aim.

(f) Real flowers and real leaves are more beautiful than paper substitutes.

(g) In any street along which a procession is to pass nothing should be done to obstruct the view from the windows.

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

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BLACK GOD IN A FROCK COAT

By Hannen Swaffer

SOON you will all be going to see "Green Pastures" at your local cinema; that is if your local authority does not object. For the Film Censor, after stopping the film, has passed it.

The Censor of Plays, however, will not allow "Green Pastures" to be acted on the stage. And the B.B.C., after paying no less than five guineas—which is a lot of money for it to pay for anything—for the right to broadcast extracts, stopped the broadcast at the last moment!

Now, it cannot be a matter of religion, because, although Cecil Graves, the Director of Programmes at the B.B.C., is a Roman Catholic, so is Lord Tyrrell, who is the Film Trade Censor.

You can read "Green Pastures" as a book. You can see it on the screen. But you must not hear it in the air, and you must not see it on the stage.

What a joke!

Yes, while you can see it in a London cinema, perhaps the Manchester Watch Committee may object, or Birmingham may say "No."

PERSONALLY, I thought the printed version of the play rather silly—childish, in fact. But, then, thousands of parsons who saw it acted said how beautiful it was, how inspiring, how elevating!

In Montreal it caused a row, and was stopped, if I remember. But in America it will go on being acted for some years, somewhere or other.

Now, when the film is seen here, you will hear a rumpus. Lots of people will start shouting, "Blasphemy," "Profanity," and words like that. But you will find, if you ask, that most of them haven't been to it; indeed, hate films anyway, because "They keep people away from church."

Most people who object to something don't know anything about it.

Anyway, "Green Pastures" is a serious attempt to put on stage and film the Heaven-and-Hell religion of the more uneducated negroes in the United States. Except for a few plays like "The Fool," "Strange Interlude," and "Abie's Irish Rose," it has taken all the records. While it showed a Black God in a frock-coat, it had many moments of tenderness, and there was a goodness underlying it all.

You may find it naïve and childish in parts, but so is many people's idea of religion.

When we listen to negro spirituals—

"I'm going to put on my shoes,
Going to walk all over God's Hebbun,"—

we see in them charm and beauty. In fact, some of these spirituals illumine much more than do more sophisticated hymns.

They banned Ibsen's "Ghosts" for twenty-five years, just because it contained one short scene. Then, when people went to see it, after it had been—at last—passed by the Censor, they waited in vain for "the dirty bit." They did not recognise it when they saw it!

And, during part of the time "Ghosts" was censored, one of the two official readers of plays for the Lord Chamberlain was Charlie Brookfield, whose play, "Dear Old Charlie," had been attacked by Ernest Bendall, then critic of the *Observer*.

When Brookfield was made Joint Reader of Plays—Ernest Bendall by this time had become the other one—Charles Hawtrey actually revived "Dear Old Charlie," hoping to get a boom out of a play which had been called dirty and which had been written by a man now Censor!

I SENT a reporter down to see Ernest Bendall and ask, "Would you now pass 'Dear Old Charlie,' written by your fellow Censor? You said it was dirty a few months ago. Is it dirty now?"

Ernest Bendall mumbled through his beard.

For years, they banned Shaw's play, "Mrs. Warren's Profession," merely because in that play Shaw said, what was perfectly true, "If you pay your prostitutes more than you pay your dressmakers, you will have prostitutes."

In those days you were not allowed to say things like that. You could snigger in a musical comedy. You could leer in a French farce. A comedian could say almost anything he liked while he wore a red nose.

But, if Shaw dared to say a word that was sincere, if he dared to utter an honest protest against a social evil, the Censor said, "The public must not see this."

HOW they screamed about W. T. Stead and his articles, "A Tribute to Modern Babylon." He protested against the sale of little girls into prostitution. He demanded a raising of the age of consent. They wouldn't believe him until he himself bought a young girl from her parents—certainly he handed her straight over to the head of the Salvation Army—in order to prove that it could be done. Then they actually sent him to prison! But it changed an Act of Parliament.

Josephine Butler won her long campaign to abolish the State control of vice only after, forgetting that she was really a very proper Victorian lady and most respectable, getting up and talking in public about venereal disease. How they attacked her! Yet she won through.

Only frankness can bring about reform. Cecil Chesterton had to go on attacking Rufus Isaacs for months before the Marconi Committee was formed.

Dreyfus had for years been pleading for justice, when Zola's article, "J'Accuse," shocked the world and freed a man who had been sent to Devil's Island to protect "the honour of the French Army."

Whenever a book, an article, a film or a play—yes, or a speech or sermon—lays open an abuse, exposes some horror, Authority nearly always says, "Hush! You must not look! You must not hear! You must not know!"

This country wants, not more censorship, but less.

Recently they tried to stop a film which warned us about the betrayal of the Peace Ballot and the Arms Race which followed that betrayal. Whenever you want to say anything about the Depressed Areas, about sweating, about white slavery, about graft and corruption, Authority says, "It is dangerous for the public to know."

So, year after year, incompetent generals and admirals and old men go on mucking about—and the Top-hats rule.

THE United States is frank enough. It lays bare its graft. Why, films even mock Hollywood itself at times. There was "Blonde Bombshell," which held all Filmland up to ridicule.

I remember when the old Empire promenade was closed as a result of what I wrote, and all the row there was.

"Why, the Empire cannot pay unless we have a promenade," I was told.

For years vaudeville artists had been insulted by being regarded as a mere annexe to a nightly parade in which foreign prostitutes took part. It went on year after year. There was a promenade at the Alhambra. There was a promenade at the Oxford. And there was a promenade at the London Pavilion. It was regarded as "necessary." Only a frank exposure could stop it. It did. . . .

Yes, whenever anybody wants to say anything, someone else says, "Oh, no! You mustn't say that. Leave us as we are. Everything is most happy in this the best of all possible worlds."

Mind you, you must have a Censor, or dealers in pornography would be even more active than they are.

But you want a Censor of Censors. Also, you want Censors with sense.

"De Lawd," the God of "Green Pastures," with Gabriel standing behind Him

★ *Politics and You*

ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN

SOME of the miners' Members have been trying to get Parliament to amend the Acts dealing with workmen's compensation.

This should interest us. For almost every employee who is not a policeman, or in the Fighting Services, or working for and living with a relative, or getting more than £350 a year as a non-manual worker, comes under these laws.

Accidents will happen, as we all know. One day we may want to make a claim for compensation.

Compensation is not payable in the event of any accident, of course. It must occur and the injury be received during work or, as the Act itself puts it, it must "arise out of and in the course of the employment."

* * *

This sounds quite simple. It should not be difficult, you would think, to decide (*a*) whether a man had been injured by an accident or (*b*) whether it happened as a result of his work. And when Parliament passed the first Act it thought so too.

Parliament, however, was wrong. The number of compensation cases taken to the courts has been enormous and many of them extremely costly.

As a result the meaning intended by Parliament to apply to certain words has been extended or limited according to the interpretations placed on them by judges when deciding cases brought before them.

Compensation law is now, owing to judges' decisions, complicated and highly technical.

The House of Lords has, for example, laid it down that "an accident" is "an unlooked-for mishap or untoward event which was not expected or designed." At different times the courts have held that an animal bite, sunstroke, injury from lightning, and even nervous shock through witnessing an accident are in certain circumstances themselves accidents arising out of and in the course of the employment.

There are eight different ways of calculating the amount due by way of compensation. If the accident is fatal and the workman leaves a widow or other person over fifteen years of age wholly dependent upon him, it must not be less than £200 nor more than £300. But if, in addition to such dependent, he also leaves one or more dependent children under fifteen, the sum must not be more than £600.

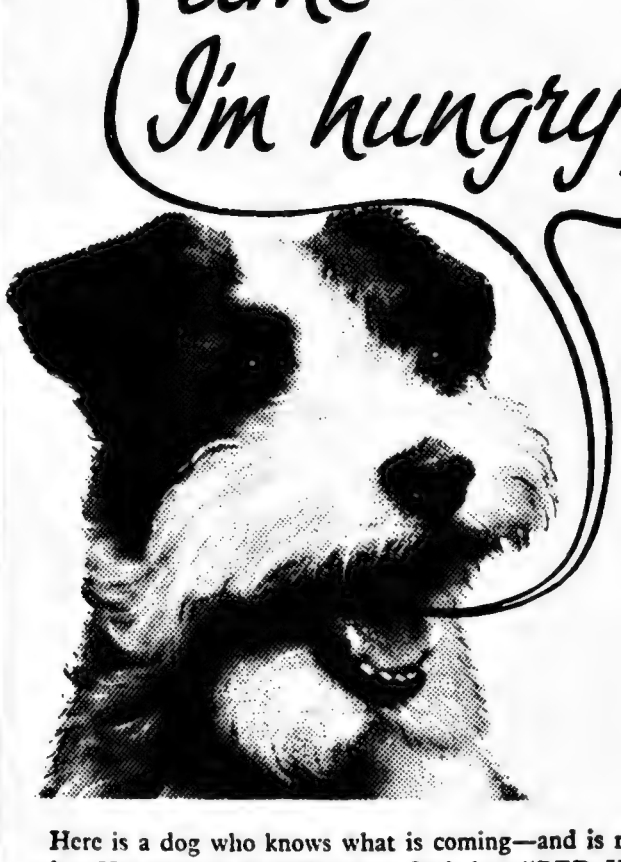
And if he leaves no dependents, his employer is indeed fortunate. He is only liable for funeral and doctor's expenses up to £15.

* * *

A worker who is not killed but incapacitated can claim compensation up to 30s. a week, according to his average weekly earnings, if unable ever to work again; and a weekly sum equal to half the difference between what he earned before and is capable of earning after the accident if his incapacity is only partial.

Now you know why efforts are being made to improve things. The law needs clarifying, the procedure for claiming made easier and cheaper and, above all, the limits now set for compensation for disablement made more generous. A 30s. maximum is not enough for a totally disabled man

Don't waste time — I'm hungry!



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We have recently published "RAQ'S BOOK OF DOG STORIES," selected by Romany. If you will send us the name and address of the shop where you usually buy dog food we shall be pleased to send you a copy FREE. Write (in BLOCK LETTERS) to JOHN MORRELL & CO. LTD., Dept. J.B., 57, Victoria Street, Liverpool, 1.

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Send to-day for range of Patterns Post Free. Newest Models, Coats, Costumes, Underwear, Frocks, &c., all in the newest styles. Ask for Patterns of any kind of garment required, and a splendid choice, with a self measurement form and particulars will be sent per return of post.

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Turn to p. 37 and send in your entry in this simple Contest.

GROW THICK, STRONG WAVY HAIR LIKE THIS

Beware of Falling Hair, Spreading Baldness, or hair-killing Dandruff. Grow thick, strong, wavy hair, or be free from Dandruff, like so many others.

Mr. M. J. MURPHY writes: "Before using Kotalko my hair was very weak, and falling out in combfuls until the scalp was almost bare on top. I had used several tonics. Then I used Kotalko. Before I had finished the second box my hair seemed stronger. This improvement continued, and the hair is now thick and is a thick mass of waves, and is more healthy-looking."

KOTALKO
TRUE HAIR GROWER

If you have dandruff or are losing hair, or if you are nearly or quite bald, write

To JOHN HART BRITTAIN, LTD., 9, Percy Street (52.P.H.), London, W.1. Please send me, post paid, Testing Package of KOTALKO, and KOTALKO SOAP, with directions, for which I enclose threepence in stamps.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Feed Hair Roots with KOTALKO Cleanse and Soften Hair Follicles with KOTALKO SCALP SOAP the Tonic Shampoo.

Musselwhite And His Money, Or:

How Neville Soaks The Little Man

MR. BERTIE MUSSELWHITE hates war. When he thinks of the last one, in which he was a Red Cross worker, he says warmongers should be gently piloted out of this world *via* the lethal chamber.

Even when he is soothed by odd jobs about the house, which happen to be his hobby, he is all for compelling the people who make wars to fight them out among themselves and then pay the cost out of their own pockets.

Mr. Musselwhite has bought his own house at 5, Ellaline Road, Hammersmith, without the aid of the State. He holds a good, steady clerical job at £4 2s. 6d. a week of 44 hours—with a fortnight's holiday on full pay—without the help of the State. He has saved a sum that yields him a private income of £21 a year and given his two daughters, now at work, each a good education—again without any assistance from the State.

These reasonings are Mr. Musselwhite's own.

And as he gets on happily with the job of keeping his own little home in repair, the thought that one day some meddlesome politicians might bring his world tumbling round his ears often impels him to give an extra vicious dab with his brush or bang with his hammer.

Well, Mr. Musselwhite was papering his hall when I knocked at his door the other evening.

☆ ★ ☆

I told him that the gentleman with me was a well-known public economist. Mr. Musselwhite recognised his name. I added that we were looking for a typical small taxpayer who would be brave enough to let JOHN BULL publish every item of his income and of his expenditure so that we could show the nation exactly how deep down in a working man's pocket Mr. Chamberlain pushes his hand.

"You can publish all the details you like about me under my own name, if it will do any good," said Mr. Musselwhite.

And so, giving the Chancellor of the Exchequer an interest in our visit by sending out for a bottle of beer with which to refresh ourselves, he invited us inside, where his wife, in order to collaborate with him, despite the fact that she was feverish and weary with influenza, turned down all suggestions that she should go to bed.

Well, we soon arrived at the family income. With the 15s. a week the daughters insist on contributing between them, and his small private income, it totals £5 5s. 7d. a week. Trade union subscription and Unemployment and Health Insurance account for 4s. 1d.

After deducting income tax the actual total placed in Mrs. Musselwhite's hands—her husband hands over his wage envelope intact and she gives him whatever money he needs for each day, which he says is a better arrangement than some jokers seem to think—is £5 0s. 3d. a week.

☆ ★ ☆

Getting no allowance in respect of his children, he has to pay £3 5s. a year in income tax. "Of which I'll bet that more than a pound goes on war," he told us warmly.

The economist shot a quick glance at me. It said one thing. "If Mr. Musselwhite thinks that that is all he has to pay for wars past and future, he is in for an eye-opener."

Then we continued with expenditure.

He spends £14 a year on rates, £1 12s. 4d. on water rates, £8 on house repairs and decorations, and 5s. 3d. on house insurance—a total of nearly £24 a year, or 9s. 3d. a week on his house.

His coal averages 3s. 3d. a week, gas 3s., electricity 1s. 9d., which, with 6d. a week for matches, firewood, etc., means a weekly expenditure of 8s. 6d. on fuel and light.

Clothes and boots account for 5s. a week, his motor-cycle, run for only six months in every year, an average of 6s. 6d. a week the whole year round, and entertainment and charity between them account for another shilling a week.

Mr. and Mrs. Musselwhite try to work it all out.

Cigarettes? "Eightpence a day, and an extra 10d. for the week-end," said Mr. Musselwhite. "Wicked man," added his wife.

And some smaller items can be summarised as averaging:—

Per week.	s.	d.
Fares	4	6
Newspapers	2	0
Radio and dog licences	0	4
Holiday	3	10
Help to wife's mother	2	6
Insuring her	0	6
Replacements of crockery, etc.	0	4
Laundry	1	0

And at that point the economist did a sum. "We have accounted for £2 10s. 9d. of the £5 0s. 3d. Mrs. Musselwhite receives," he said, "leaving £2 9s. 6d. for food. We'll now go into food."

And, our task simplified by the fact that husband and one daughter take lunches with them from the domestic supply, while the other daughter goes home for meals, we arrived at the following:—

Per week.	s.	d.
Meat	10	0
Fish (negligible)	—	
Bread	1	7
Cereals	—	
Milk	4	6
Cream	1	9
Butter	2	4
Eggs	2	0
Potatoes	1	0
Other vegetables	1	10
Fresh fruit	2	6
Soft drinks (cold)	1	0
Beer, etc.	3	0
Groceries: tea, coffee, cocoa, patent drinks, flour, sugar, jam, marmalade, biscuits, cheese, canned vegetables, dried fruit, condiments, sauces, c., etc., and miscellaneous	18	0
	£2	9	6

"And now we'll tell you what you pay for war," said the economist. "Only roughly now, but *exactly* when I have spent a few hours analysing the figures."

"Most of that income tax, I'll bet," said Mr. Musselwhite.

And here a liberty will be taken with the interview. The exact figures obtained after the interview have been substituted for any approximate figures given during it.

"You pay £1 13s. 2d. a year motor tax, 5s. driving licence, and 17s. 6d. for radio and dog licences," said the economist, "a total of £2 15s. 8d.

"*After* you have contributed out of this amount to the upkeep of roads, the B.B.C. and local authorities, there is 15s. of that £2 15s. 8d. to go to the Exchequer, making, with your income tax, a total of £4."

Many hours of work went into working out the next figure exactly, the total paid in indirect taxation. Amounts on such items as tea, sugar, tobacco, alcohol, petrol and oil had each to be worked out separately. Then allowances had to be made for taxable raw materials which form part of finished articles not themselves taxed.

Anyhow, Mr. Musselwhite learned with astonishment that he pays in indirect taxes, quite apart from the Exchequer's share of motor tax and licences already noted, a total of £17 a year.

So that, in addition to the help he gives towards keeping up the roads, maintaining the B.B.C., helping local authorities with his motor tax and driving licence, and forgetting altogether the £14 a year he pays for rates and £1 12s. 4d. for water rates, which are different matters, this "small taxpayer" is paying to the Exchequer a total of £21 every year. Check it for yourself. Income tax and a mere 15s. from his motor tax and various licences total £4. Indirect taxation is £17. Total: £21.

"Oh, dear," was all the astonished Mr. Musselwhite could say when he learned the awful truth.

"It seems remarkable for a man who drinks very little, smokes moderately, never goes to football matches or other sporting events, spends hardly anything on entertainment, and other things that bump up taxation," he added, when he recovered his breath.

Remarkable, yes. But there it is. And Mr. Musselwhite was to hear something far more remarkable—which for simplicity's sake we put in table form.

Out of his £21 a year, he contributes:

	£	s.	d.
To education	1	9	9
Pensions	1	13	3
Contributions to local revenue	1	6	3
Unemployment insurance	2	0	3
Housing	0	8	9
Police	0	7	0
Industry and agriculture, etc.	0	5	3
Health	0	3	6
Customs and Excise and miscellaneous	1	8	0
Total on constructive services	£9	2	0
To debt services (due to war)	5	17	3
War pensions	1	2	9
Navy, Army and Air Force	4	14	6
Miscellaneous war charges	0	3	6
Total due to war or fear of war	£11	18	0

We told Mr. Musselwhite so. "£11 18s. from my pocket ever year—for war," he said. "More than they want from me for all the things in life that matter. Nearly twice as much as I can afford to give my wife's mother. . . . *I was going to get on with the paperhanging, but I think I'll go to bed.*"

And we think that most small taxpayers, after hearing how their money goes, would want to do the same.

We picked out Mr. Musselwhite as typical of small taxpayers generally. He is probably typical of *you*.

He never realised what war was costing him—war that he hates so much. *He* never realised how deep the Chancellor dips his hand into the Little Man's pocket. Did you?

M. F.

Just a Human Story

SUCCESS WITHOUT HANDS

WHAT would you do if, as a manual worker, you suddenly lost both your arms?

This is the story of Mr. W. G. Collins, of Ebbw Vale, Mon, who was called upon to answer just that question.

Some years ago Mr. Collins, a labourer in a brickworks, lost both arms at the shoulder in a works accident.

He had to spend a long time in hospital; his life was despaired of several times, but eventually he was discharged—a manual worker without arms.

But the iron of the Monmouthshire hills was part of the make-up of Mr. Collins. He refused to sit down and moan. He set out to study office routine, accountancy, and costing.

Then he taught himself to use a telephone by gripping it between chin and shoulder point; taught himself to write by gripping pen or pencil between the teeth, and taught himself to type with chin and nose.

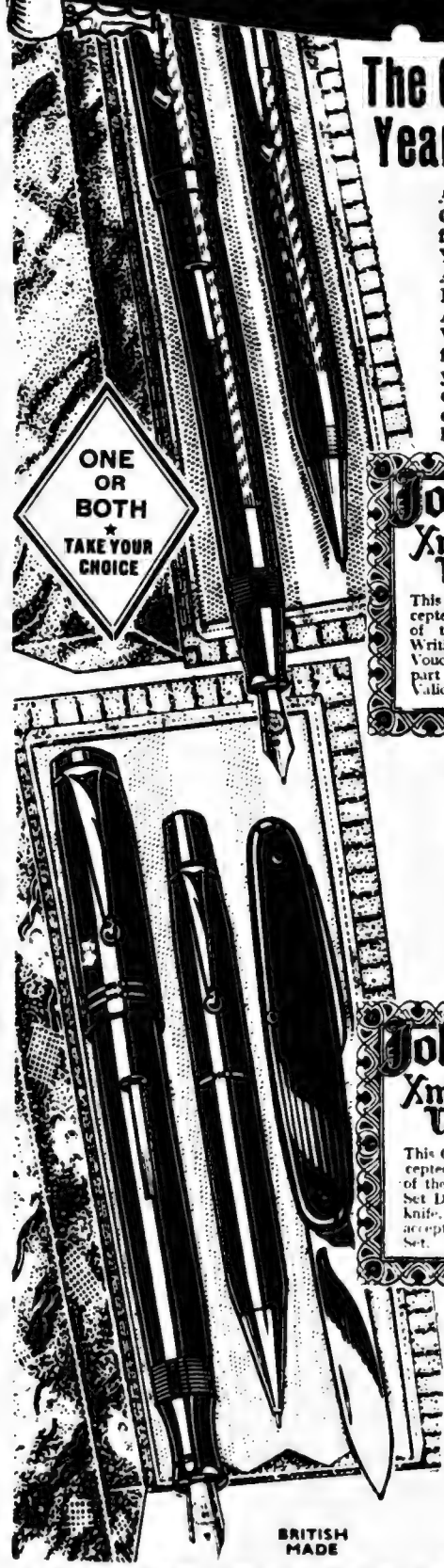
It was a tedious business, calling for courage, patience and unusual determination, but, eventually, this remarkable young fellow won through and to-day he maintains himself, wife and children by working as a clerk in an office.

He has not been content to learn enough to earn a livelihood. He has acquired himself various hobbies. He has taught himself to paint and draw, and his efforts, sent in anonymously, have been awarded prizes in the arts and crafts section of the Royal Welsh National Eisteddfod.

Before his accident Mr. Collins knew nothing about music. To-day he is a keen music student and can "vamp" a piano with the best, using chin and nose as fingers. He has become a member of a popular Monmouthshire concert party, and, as a light comedian, is well known throughout the county.

Pluck, patience and persistence, in his case, have triumphed over one of the most terrible of human handicaps. Many people in full possession of their two hands could learn something from Mr. Collins, of Ebbw Vale.

JOHN BULL'S Great Xmas Gift to You



The Gift Sensation of the Year—*Had yours yet?*

Applications for "John Bull's" Great Christmas Gift are pouring in from all parts of the country. If YOU have not already applied, ACT NOW. You may have ONE or BOTH Gift Sets. Take your choice. Attach one or both of the Gift Vouchers below to the Coupon at the foot of this announcement and get your Writing Set or Sets without delay. For yourself or a Friend you could not choose a finer or more lasting Christmas Gift.

John Bull Xmas Gift Voucher — VALUE 2/9

This Gift Voucher will be accepted as 2/9 in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/6 Writing Set. Only one Voucher will be accepted in part payment of each Set. Valid until 31st Dec., 1936.

No. A/39,565

FREE 2/9 GIFT VOUCHER

The Gift Voucher above will be accepted as 2/9 cash in part payment of "John Bull's" 5/6 Writing Set. The graceful streamline finish of the pen, the handsomely chased barrel, the latest lever self-filling device and the 14-CARAT SOLID GOLD NIB, iridium tipped, all proclaim the supreme quality and amazing value of this set. The "Ever-pointed" Pencil is fitted with a foolproof propel—repel—expel movement. It matches the pen to perfection and is complete with rubber, pocket "Safety" clip and extra leads. Both Pen and Pencil are supplied in a delightful Presentation Case, which just gives the assuring touch to a great Christmas Gift.

WRITTEN 2-YEAR GUARANTEE WITH EACH PEN

John Bull Xmas Gift Voucher — VALUE 7/6

This Gift Voucher will be accepted as 7/6 in part payment of the "John Bull" 12/6 Writing Set De Luxe, which includes Pen-knife. Only one Voucher will be accepted in part payment of each Set. Valid until 31st Dec., 1936.

No. B/39,565

FREE 7/6 GIFT VOUCHER

The Gift Voucher above will be accepted as 7/6 cash in part payment of "John Bull's" 12/6 Writing Set De Luxe, which also includes a magnificent Sheffield steel Penknife. The Pen, Pencil and Penknife are all made to match in a glossy black unbreakable material. The Pen has TWO inlaid bands of 14-CARAT ROLLED GOLD, a lever self-filling device, "safety" pocket clip, and 14-CARAT SOLID GOLD nib with a tip of really iridium. The "Ever-pointed" pencil has an inlaid band of 14-CARAT ROLLED GOLD, a foolproof propel—repel—expel movement, "safety" pocket clip, rubber and extra leads. The companion Penknife is fitted with two super-quality sheffield steel Blades of mirror polish finish. This lovely gift comes to you in a Golden-satin lined Casket.

WRITTEN 5-YEAR GUARANTEE WITH EACH PEN

"John Bull's" Christmas Gift Coupon.

To "John Bull" Pen Dept., 27a, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

(1) I enclose Gift Voucher value 2/9, which please accept in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/6 Writing Set. I enclose P.O. for 2/9, plus 3d. for postage and insurance, making 3/- in all.

or

(2) I enclose Gift Voucher value 7/6, which please accept in part payment of the "John Bull" 12/6 Writing Set De Luxe, which includes Penknife. I enclose P.O. for 5/-, plus 3d. for postage and insurance, making 5/3 in all.

(1) Fine / Medium / Broad / Oblique — Cross out grades of nib NOT required. — (2) Fine / Medium / Broad / Oblique

If you desire BOTH SETS send the two Vouchers and a Postal Order for 8/- only.

NAME .....
FULL POSTAL ADDRESS .....
.....

Write Clearly in Block Letters

Cross Cheque or Postal Order "& Co." and crossed to "John Bull" B/39,565

Bad DANDRUFF since boyhood.

Now disappeared completely

Read Mr. Brett's letter below—the photograph shows what a fine head of hair he has now.

When hair starts to get scurfy, and to come out as you comb it—take care! These are sure signs that the hair is being starved of its natural food. And if that continues—baldness will result. Hair *must have* its natural food—if it's not getting it from the blood-stream, it must get it from outside. It must have Silvikrin.

Doctors test Silvikrin

No less than fourteen separate organic elements are needed by the hair for healthy growth. It was Dr. Weidner's great triumph to put up these fourteen in exactly Nature's proportions, in Silvikrin. And having done so, he submitted his discovery to doctors, for testing. Their reports were enthusiastic—they proved, over and over again, that Silvikrin clears up dandruff, prevents hair falling, and, if the root is still alive, actually makes hair grow. One of the most enthusiastic reports came from Professor Polland, the famous Austrian dermatologist of Graz University. (Read it in the booklet with every Silvikrin bottle.)

Look up your hair trouble in the table on the right—and see what you need—get your Silvikrin to-day.

Bexhill,
Sussex.

Dear Sirs,
I am very pleased to report a great improvement in the condition of my hair even after only two weeks' treatment. I have suffered from bad dandruff and falling hair since boyhood, but now the dandruff has disappeared completely. The hair, too, has stopped falling out and has thickened considerably. The enclosed photograph shows how healthy and glossy it is now.

Yours truly,
W. E. BRETT.

WHAT YOU NEED

For dandruff—hair beginning to fall. To keep the scalp healthy, strengthen the hair and bring out its natural beauty—
Ask for **Silvikrin Lotion.**

For severe dandruff, serious falling hair, bald patches. To restore new hair growth use the concentrated natural organic hair food.
Ask for **Pure Silvikrin.**

From chemists, hairdressers and stores.

How Silvikrin feeds hair. The black bulbous 'root' can come right out—the real root is the fibrous growth underneath. It is *this* that Silvikrin feeds.

Silvikrin

DOES GROW HAIR

39-F

Phillips TONIC YEAST..

GUARANTEED PURE LIVE YEAST
FREE FROM DRUGS

50 TABLETS 1/3
150 " 3/-
Of all Chemists

This Life-giving Tonic restores Vitality & Youthful Vigour. It conquers Indigestion, strengthens the Nerves & clears the Skin.
Ask for PHILLIPS TONIC YEAST.

NATURE'S GIFT to Men and Women

Gives MORE POWER and BETTER HEALTH

1/3 for 50

NAZI GERMANY: MAKE UP YOUR OWN MIND

TO-DAY Germany is the storm centre of the world, the great standing menace to peace and co-operation between nations. Largely this is the fault of the victorious allied Powers, for their treatment of the vanquished after the last war. But to say this doesn't help. It is most necessary that we should understand the real aims, policy and present plight of Hitler and his Nazis. "John Bull" on this and the following three pages gives you vital new facts about Hitler, his Germany, and his policy about Britain, which will enable you to get a fresh perspective on this whole Nazi business, which will help you to form your own conclusions.

HITLER'S *War* PLANS

—*Exclusive Revelations*

Every German couple is given a copy of "Mein Kampf" immediately they are married

WHAT is Hitler's real policy concerning war and peace? What are his real intentions towards Britain? Ought we to accept the protestations of friendship, the offers for an "understanding" between Germany and Britain which, in particular, von Ribbentrop, Hitler's newly arrived Ambassador in London, so frequently makes in his master's name?

How can we find out the answer to these questions? The obvious answer is to turn to Hitler's own book, "Mein Kampf" ("My Struggle"), which remains the Bible of the German nation and the unshakable rock on which the fundamentals of all Nazi policy are laid.

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The entire text of "Mein Kampf" has never yet been translated into English. The current English versions are abridged, but certain passages have been suppressed in the process. Lately, however, an authoritative and literal version of certain hitherto untranslated passages has been made by an eminent scholar, and with the aid of a copy of these JOHN BULL is able to tell the truth about Hitler's real intentions.

"The war of 1914," declares the absolute master of the most militant people in the world, "was desired by the whole German nation. . . . I am not ashamed to say that carried away by violent enthusiasm, I fell on my knees and thanked heaven with all my heart that it had given me the happiness of living at such a time."

Remember these words when next you read newspaper reports of Hitler's current speeches, in which he dwells on the glory of Peace, on Germany's hatred of the thought of war.

It is a tonic for plain speaking. Hitler's whole philosophy, his creed, his principles are based on violence, armed might and bloodshed.

Let no one imagine that he has departed from the principles of "Mein Kampf." Only last year Dr. Alfred Rosenberg, chief of the Nazi Party's foreign department and Hitler's personal adviser on foreign affairs, laid down:—

"'Mein Kampf' represents for all future days the unshakable basis of Nazi feeling and thought for to-day, to-morrow and the years to come."

A copy of this unabridged text of "Mein Kampf" is given to every newly wedded couple in the Third Reich by Hitler's order to-day. In the shadow of this book every baby begotten in the New Germany is brought into this world and reared to manhood.

Only a few days ago Hitler announced to sixteen European Governments that he would pay no more heed to the Waterways Clauses of the Versailles Treaty.

The move was not unexpected and was not, in itself, of first-class importance.

But it had, at the same time, a sinister significance. It showed more clearly than ever that Hitler has no intention of playing an "international" game.

By tearing up these clauses, moreover, Hitler has left Germany unfettered by any Treaty within her own borders.

All the remaining clauses of the Peace Treaty deal with territory outside the present German dominion; with Danzig, Memel, Eupen and Malmedy, the great expanses of territory that Germany lost; the colonies, most of which Britain holds to-day under mandate.

Will Hitler strike again? If he does, it must be outside his frontiers that the blow will fall, and the blow would be fraught with possibilities almost too terrible to contemplate.

Let us turn to the original text of "Mein Kampf," and learn from Hitler's own words how he believes German policy should be directed.

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Thus Hitler speaks:—

"The aim of our struggle is to ensure the survival and progress of our race and our people. The rôle of the strongest is to dominate and not to mingle himself with the weaker.

"It is only the weak by birth that can consider this law cruel.

"Let him who wants to live, fight. The man who refuses to fight in this world, where it is ordained that there must be ceaseless struggle, does not deserve to live.

"The question of re-establishing the power of Germany does not hang on the answer to 'How shall we manufacture arms?' but to 'How can we create the spirit which makes a nation capable of bearing arms?'

"The leaders of the Storm-troops were dominated by the conviction that the final decision belongs to force, and that the best weapon of defence is attack."

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The real Hitler, the Nazi who reveals himself to the German people alone, turns his back on peace. His offer of a 25 years' peace pact, recently made to Britain, is seen to be nothing but a giant hoax aimed at deluding and deceiving Britain into a state of non-interference with Germany's true intentions.

Hitler's ultimate aim is to conquer, to annihilate France. Then it will be time to set about his plans for expanding Germany's territory elsewhere.

To annihilate France, it is essential that Britain and Italy be drawn into a state of neutrality by skilful diplomacy.

The conquest, the assimilation, rather, of Austria and other German-speaking parts of Europe is part of the plan.

Hitler declares:—

"We demand the union of all Germans to form a great Germany."

But, Hitler goes on, that is not enough. True Nazis must not stop there. "Germany will be a world Power or nothing," he declares.

"We will put a stop to the colonial and commercial policy of pre-war days and we will begin the territorial policy of the future.

"But if we speak to-day of new lands in Europe we shall be thinking first of Russia and of the border States that depend on her."

Before the Pan-German Empire can be founded and Russia invaded, France must pay the penalty of her existence.

"On this point we must be completely clear," says Hitler. "The inexorable enemy of the German nation is and always will be France. It is the same whoever ruled or will rule.

"If the German nation wishes to put an end to a state of affairs which threatens to remove it from Europe, it must not commit the error of before the war and make enemies of the whole world. It must distinguish the most dangerous enemy and strike with concentrated force against him.

"Co-operation with Britain and Italy would not necessarily entail danger of war. This alliance, on the other hand, would give Germany the possibility of working in all tranquillity for the preparatory measures required, within the framework of such a coalition, for the final settlement with France.

"The essence of such an alliance is that not only would Germany not be exposed to a sudden hostile invasion, but also that it would break up the league of our enemies, the league that was so disastrous for us. Thus our mortal enemy, France, would be isolated.

"It is only when we unite our energies for a final explanation with France and for that decisive struggle that the essential objectives of the German nation will be thrown into the balance.

"It is then only that an end will be put to the interminable and sterile struggle which opposes us to France, but only on condition that Germany sees in the annihilation of France a means of giving at least to our people another theatre the complete expansion of which we are capable."

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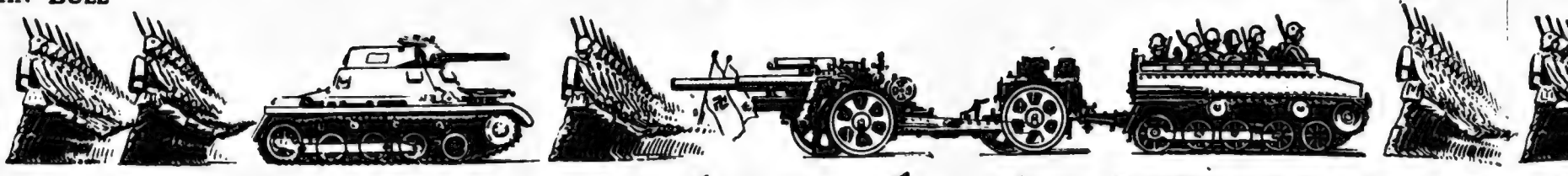
Elsewhere in the book Hitler expresses a doubt regarding Britain agreeing to an alliance with Germany, but he leaves it to be inferred that such an alliance must be played for. German naval power, indeed, must not be allowed to challenge Britain's. Let Britain rule the sea, Germany must be supreme by air and on land.

His whole argument here is based on his own disregard of treaties. Germany may have torn up Locarno, but Britain still stands by her word to France.

Hitler's policy, though it may not be aimed directly against Britain, will bring Britain into another Continental war against her, unless regional pacts and a stronger League of Nations hold him in check till the German people—as some day it may—throws off the brutal Nazi yoke.



Dr. Schacht's ARMY

In Patent Leather Shoes

DR. HJALMAR HORACE GREELEY SCHACHT is in Iran—or Persia, as we used to call it until a short time ago. The patent-leather shoes of that peripatetic economist are twinkling among the dead rose-leaves of Teheran. Last week they picked their delicate way along the new roads of brand-new Angora.

First Turkey: then Persia!

This is not an item of mere social gossip. It is hard news. You want to watch Dr. Schacht. He is always news. He is Mr. Montagu Norman and Mr. Neville Chamberlain rolled into one. He is more. As Hitler's Minister of Economics, he is generalissimo of that invading army which Germany has sent thrusting out South and East.

An army in patent-leather shoes! Travelling in the comfort of the nice Mitropa sleeping-cars of the Istanbul express, instead of on its own flat feet. With commercial and political propaganda instead of gas-bombs. With trunks of samples and despatch-cases instead of knapsacks.

It is an army whose job is not merely to sell German goods, but to spread German influence; to link up its own dictatorship with the clutter of dictatorships that exist in the south-east corner of Europe and the nearer East; to effect on our side of the world a counterpart to the trade and political understanding which Hitlerism has come to with Japan.

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What is it all about?

It is very simple in essence. Germany, having thoroughly succeeded in frightening her neighbours, succeeded also in frightening herself.

When the Nazis firmly established themselves in power in 1933 they started to rearm. First secretly. Then openly. They broke the treaties to which they were pledged. They abandoned the League.

Their annual expenditure on armaments swelled to the enormous total of £800,000,000, according to careful estimates.

They panicked their neighbours into costly defence schemes, and into pacts of mutual assistance, and into non-aggression agreements. Then they looked round to assess the position, and they found that nobody loved them.

They looked at their western borders, and saw the hostile eyes of the free democracies of Belgium and France—and beyond them the Imperial might of the British Commonwealth of Nations.

They looked to their eastern frontier, and saw an inimical Czecho-Slovakia; and, beyond the muddy plains of a doubtful Poland, Socialist Russia, with her population of 170,000,000, unlimited resources, and an army whose peace strength is said to be 2,000,000 men. All suspicious, all hostile, sullen.

They had brought the position about themselves by their grandiose dreams of European domination. Unless they were to drop their schemes and stop rearming altogether, they must break their isolation and extend their political and economic influence outside, in the only direction they could. South and East. Just like the Germany of before the war. Through the wide passageway between Switzerland and Czecho-Slovakia; across Austria into the plains of the Danube and the Balkans, and so into Asia Minor, into Asia itself, to the edge of British India and Russian Turkestan.

Signor Mussolini, watchdog on the Tyrolean heights, has been "sweetened"—for the time being. Bromides have been administered to Austria. The invaders are pushing forward, according to plan.

German influence has, of course, been always pretty strong in most of the Balkans. Especially in Hungary and Bulgaria. Starting from that basis, the Nazis are engaged on not just an extension of influence, but a large-scale conquest of the whole of south-east Europe by economic penetration.

Their opportunity came when most of the Balkan countries tottered on the verge of bankruptcy two years ago, after struggling through a long period of crisis, due particularly to the heavy drop in the prices of farm produce, grain, fruit and so on.

When all these peasant States wanted nothing so much as a customer, almost at any price, for their farm-stuff, Germany bought from them. And went on buying! At a price which was nearly a third as much again as world market prices!

But she didn't pay. At least, not in the way they would have preferred—solid cash. She ran an account with them—an enormous account! *She* piled up in her storehouses the wheat, maize, fruit, tobacco and vegetables they had for sale. *They* piled up at the Berlin Reichs-Bank a most handsome balance—if only they could have got at it!

Then Germany resold a lot of this produce which she had bought and did not need herself—resold at a very considerable loss to obtain precious foreign currencies. Like the man who buys furniture on the hire-purchase system, and then sells it before he has paid for it, to get a little ready money. In private life we call it fraud. In the realm of international affairs we talk about frozen credits and the higher diplomacy!

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Naturally, the Balkans protested.

Germany was sorry, very sorry! Quite impossible to pay what she owed in cash or currency. But she would be glad if her kind creditors would collect what was due to them by importing large quantities of machines, machine-tools and all sorts of products that her factories turned out.

The little States could do no more than protest. And mere protests cut no ice with the Führer! Especially when his tactics had forced Jugo-Slavia, Rumania, Bulgaria, Greece and Turkey to buy the greater part of their industrial equipment from Germany. It was good business—for him!

To-day Germany's influence in that corner of the map where Europe meets Asia is by far the strongest of any.

Not just economic—but political. The two linked together.

Take Greece, for instance. Dr. Schacht's emissaries have bought up almost half of the nation's tobacco crop. That deal—and others—have given the patent-shoe invaders such a strong position that their overlords have quite a lot to say about the political affairs of the country.

To a greater or lesser extent the same thing applies to Hungary, Bulgaria, Jugo-Slavia and Rumania, where the Iron Guard copied the worst features of Hitlerism, and the recent fall of the pro-Russian Minister, M. Titulescu, is directly attributable to German influence.

These smaller nations are by no means happy at the position in which they find themselves. They see in the Nazi policy a menace to their independence and existence. They are beginning to kick.

Jugo-Slavia, for example! Suspicious of Mussolini; suspicious of Hitler. British influence is growing in that patchwork State. Prince Paul, the Regent, was in London last week. He saw the Premier.

And Turkey! The King visited Kemal Pasha's republic as well as Jugo-Slavia and Greece, during his summer holiday.

The Turkish Fleet is paying a ceremonious and friendly call on the British Fleet at Malta. . . .

Things are happening there. . . .

Only the other day Britain got a steelworks contract for about two million pounds. A very nasty jab—that last—at Germany, who thought she almost had the monopoly.

Germany, in fact, is getting worried about it all.

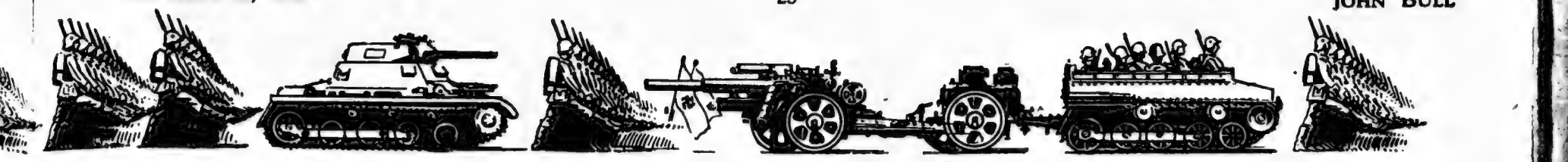
So Dr. Schacht is bringing up his reinforcements—*himself*. He has been pattering through the corridors of Kemal Pasha's palace on his mission of regaining lost trade and restoring a decline in influence.

He won't succeed: he probably knows it. That's why he has trotted on to Iran—to see if he can gain on the swings what he looks like losing on the roundabouts. To Iran, where the oil comes from; where Russia will watch his activities with profound doubt Almost to India!

And after the barrage from that great economic gun, the infantry will move forward again—infantry in patent-leather shoes, with propaganda instead of gas-bombs, and samples and despatch-cases instead of knapsacks.

Dr. Schacht arrives by air at Athens on one of his tours of peaceful penetration

The Cause Of A



Goebbels DOPES The Whole World

By A. G. GARDINER

use Of All the Trouble

I HAVE had placed in my hands in the last few days a body of evidence bearing on Germany's world-wide propaganda, the nature of which I propose to explain in this article. I am not permitted to disclose the source of my information, but it may be accepted as absolutely beyond question.

The facts are known in official circles, not only in this country, but in the Dominions and Colonies. They are being watched and documented with the closest attention, and there is not a British Minister abroad who is not kept in the fullest knowledge of them. It is time that the public shared that knowledge and realised what is happening.

I say this without any desire to prejudice public opinion in regard to Hitler's Germany or to excite undue alarm. I say it because I can conceive nothing more likely to create that alarm than to repeat the ignorance of what Germany is doing in propaganda which has been so fatal in the matter of her rearmament.

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To-day we know the stupendous menace of her rearmament. Let us lift the curtain on her propaganda.

The two activities are complementary. While on the one hand Germany is being converted internally into a vast arsenal, on the other she is engaged in flooding the external world with a torrent of propaganda representing her as the chief pillar of world peace. Soviet Russia has played the same game for years, but compared with the Nazi system she is a mere 'prentice hand at the job. It is Eclipse first and the rest nowhere.

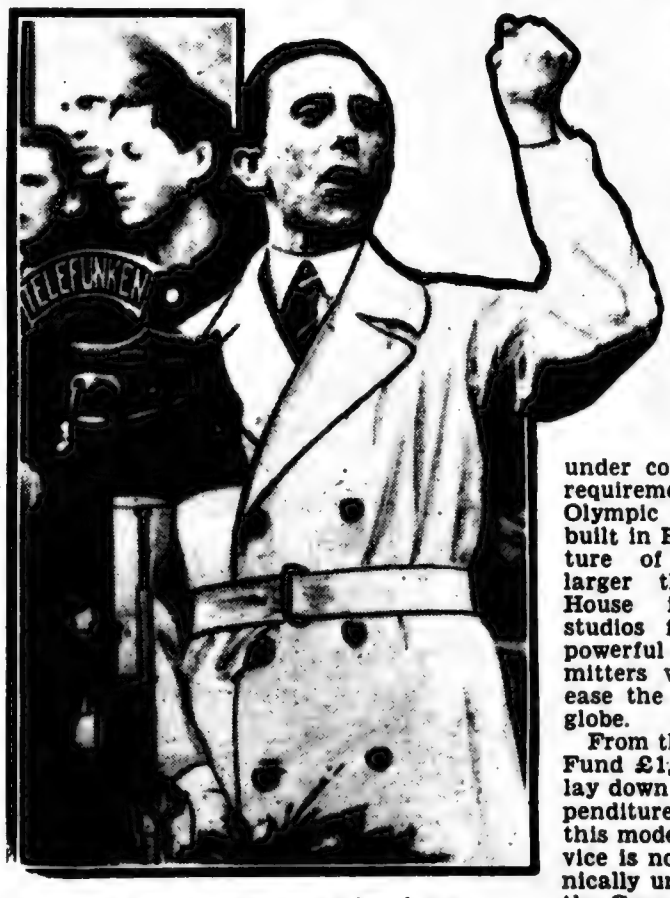
The fact is due to three things—German thoroughness, a man of genius, and an incomparable instrument.

The man of genius is Goebbels. Of the singular trinity who form the godhead of the new Germany, Hitler is the showman, Goering is the hammer, and Goebbels is the intellect.

To his hands has been committed the task of making opinion in Germany and throughout the world. He has done it at home by the ruthless suppression of all freedom of speech or writing, and by gathering into his own hands every vehicle of news, opinion and publicity.

But it is with his external operations that we are concerned now. In administering his dope to the world, he is using many instruments, but his chief agency is, of course, the marvellous invention that gives him access to the whole earth. He has commandeered radio as he has commandeered the Press. Nothing goes out to the German people or to the world that has not been authorised by him and inspired by him.

No matter what voice is heard, it is always "Goebbels Speaking." It is always his message that is being delivered. It is always his propaganda that is being "put across."



No matter what voice is heard, it is always 'Goebbels Speaking'"

The development of his system of world publicity is in its way as marvellous an example of German thoroughness as the rearmament which has in three years converted the Reich from helplessness to the most formidable military Power in Europe.

Let us take a glance at the organisation. In building it up money has been no object any more than it is in the case of armaments. Vast sums have been spent in recent months in reorganising the German national news agency which is the power-house for "Goebbels Speaking."

This agency provides service of unrivalled size and cheapness by cable and wireless to every quarter of the earth. In the dissemination of this service the Nazi diplomatic and consular officials abroad (Britain and France, of course, excepted) are expected to co-operate and to push new business.

The greatest of recent developments has been the employment of short-wave radio on a scale which engineers could not have conceived possible little more than a year ago.

In this connection, and under cover of the world requirements of the Olympic Games, Germany built in Berlin a vast structure of wireless studios larger than Broadcasting House in London. The studios feed a system of powerful short-wave transmitters which cover with ease the whole face of the globe.

From the Olympic Games Fund £1,000,000 was used to lay down this plant, but expenditure has far outrun this modest sum. This service is nominally and technically under the control of the German Post Office, but actually every item of news or opinion is sponsored by the Propaganda Minister.

Under the system the world has been divided into twenty zones, each of which receives several programmes in the round of the clock. Attached to each zone is a team of specialists and linguists, and the language and contents of the transmission are subtly varied to the requirements of the people addressed. The propaganda that would pass in one zone would be too crude for consumption in another.

The twenty zones include Australasia, Japan, all African territories, and the whole of South America.

Now as to the character of the propaganda. It is a careful mixture of selected facts suitable to the digestion of the particular audience and calculated to represent Germany as the one benevolent Power seeking the peace of the world and the salvation of Europe from Communism. No mention of German armaments is ever made.

So far as this country is concerned the method adopted is to represent British public opinion as enthusiastically behind Hitler. This is done by quotations from the ragtag-and-bobtail of our Fascist Press, by sentences in speeches torn from their context and by innocent-looking comments.

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Even the most sober British Government pronouncements have their meaning distorted by Goebbels' comments, which are made indistinguishable from the British text.

I have no space adequately to describe the other methods of Goebbels' propaganda abroad — the masses of literature in all languages that every German ship is bound to carry and deliver to whatever port it goes; the formation of Nazi branches sworn to "allegiance to Adolf Hitler and to yield unconditional obedience to leaders appointed by him over me"; the dossiers in Goebbels' possession of Germans abroad and the penalties that fall on their relatives at home if they do not do as they are told; the special concentration of the attack on the mandated territories in our possession; the free gifts of gramophone records with suitable propaganda to every listener abroad who sends a postcard to Berlin.

As I have said, the authorities know all about this and are perplexed as to the remedy. I am told that Mr. Eden's advisers are opposed to any action. They hold that while the propaganda is fabulously expensive it is so ludicrously thorough as to defeat itself.

It may be so; but I doubt it. Ignorant people should not be left in their ignorance to be preyed on by "Goebbels Speaking." If they are they will believe what they hear and act as they believe.

I do not suggest that our Empire service should imitate the faked propaganda of Berlin. It should stick to the news, the true news, and nothing but the news.

But it should nail lies to the counter. It should give the opinions of responsible newspapers. It should be as efficient in telling the facts as Goebbels is in perverting the facts. And the truth should be told, not in English only, but in the tongues of the native peoples addressed.

Grim Close-up Of Hungriest Germany . .

HARD-BOILED EGGS

By Decree

BY official decree, no German housewife may serve up for her husband or children any duck-egg which has not been boiled for at least eight minutes.

One feels tempted to add, "for consumption on or off the premises."

But this is no joke. The decree, solemnly signed and published in August this year, is just one of the stray ends of the web of Nazi officialdom which stretches outwards from the Chancellery in Berlin and envelops every home in the country.

It regulates the life of every man, woman and child of Germany's 67,000,000. Let us see how they live, work and play in its toils.

From now, no home is to be private. As you read this, the great task is going on of dividing up the whole population into groups of about sixty and appointing more than a million warders (*Blockwarte* is the title), one in charge of each group.

Under this system, the warder may walk into a home whenever he thinks fit to see whether the baby is properly bathed, what sort of food is being eaten, and a hundred and one other Paul Pry activities under the general title of health control.

The whole idea is an extension out into the open of that fearsome and mighty secret police organisation, the Gestapo (contraction of *Geheime Staatspolizei*), under whose terror the German nation has cowered for the past four years.

When I left Germany a few days ago the food shortage, with winter approaching, loomed above all other problems.

Butter and lard, when they can be obtained at all, are rationed. Eggs are scarce. Beef has almost vanished. Pork and veal are difficult to get even at four shillings a pound.

Every family must observe two meatless days a week, besides—as shown in this picture—a one-dish Sunday every month.

Women shoppers are stopped in the streets by Brownshirts, who poke into their baskets to see that they have not by some trick managed to get more than an allotted share of butter or cheese. Squads patrol the country roads at week-ends, stopping and searching cars whose owners may have made forbidden purchases at farmhouses on their outing.

In this crisis, Germany's rulers look round anxiously for other sources of food. At the Ministry of Agriculture last month, a whalemeat banquet was pronounced "excellent" by high officials, who hope the poor will start now to eat more whales.

Over the radio, horseflesh is recommended, and sorrel, nettles and dandelions are extolled as the vegetables of the future.

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A great campaign against waste is on under the title "Save £75,000,000 from the dustbins." In an effort to save another £4,000,000 on sausage-skins, those noted German delicacies are to be disguised in future in tight-fitting crinkly paper.

Every family must observe two meatless days a week, besides the one-dish Sunday every month.

The one-dish meal on that day is compulsory. Four simple dishes to choose from are published beforehand, and gangs of Brownshirts patrol the towns all the morning, walking into kitchens, to see that nobody is cooking anything else. The difference in cost between that dish and the usual Sunday meal must be contributed to the Winter Help Fund.

That fund, by which Hitler maintains his million unemployed, provides the excuse for endless petty extortions and badgering throughout the winter.

Every worker finds that a deduction has been made for the fund, besides the many other deductions and taxes, when he gets his wage-packet. If he objects to the "subscription," he must give his reasons in writing—and then sit back and wait for the sack!

These deductions and taxes, mostly disguised methods of obtaining money for armaments, have brought 55 per cent. of German workers below the 24 marks a week level (about 36s. at the present artificial exchange rate, but worth only £1 in buying value).

Against this there is no redress. The trade unions are swept away.

Outside office and factory, normal everyday life is equally restricted.

Before marriage a man and girl must fill in a long list of answers to questions: When did you learn to walk and speak? Do you smoke or drink? Measurements of head and chest? There are a dozen others far more personal and disconcerting.

When the forms are completed a doctor must study them and pronounce: "To marry or not to marry?"

There is only one reason for marriage in Nazi Germany—babies and still more babies.

Young couples can borrow from the State 1,000 marks (about £80) to set up their homes. As each baby arrives, one-quarter of the debt is wiped out. Four babies and Hitler calls quits.

The nation is short of food—yet the children are wanted—apparently for the wars of the future. From the time the tiniest German boy can walk and speak his mind is steeped in Nazi propaganda and the spirit of war.

His first school reading book portrays the good, protecting Führer, the wicked Jew, the great enemies France and Russia. History is the heroic tale of the so-called Aryans. A wooden model of Big Bertha, the gun that shelled Paris, tours the schools of the country.

One little boy of twelve in a family with whom I stayed showed me his arithmetic book. Sums ran like this: If 200 aeroplanes drop 350 bombs each on a town, and every fifth bomb fires three houses, how many will be set on fire?

At ten, the boy, under semi-compulsion, parades with the junior section of the Hitler Youth. At fourteen comes a brown outfit in the senior section. At eighteen he can become a full-blooded, brown-shirted storm-trooper. At nineteen he changes to grey-green for six months' compulsory service in the labour camp, and at twenty to the field-grey of the Reichswehr for his two years of military training.

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Mothers, barred from almost everything but the home, scraping to find enough to eat, their clothes 25 to 40 per cent. dearer than a year ago, get that reward for bringing sons into the world.

Girls soon will share a similar life. Compulsory labour service is coming for them, and there are already 12,000 in the present 400 girls' camps.

In Breslau I saw on a Sunday evening—it is a regular weekly affair—one of the most hateful and petty acts of meanness to which the Jews and their few remaining German friends are subjected.

A few brownshirts march along and place a huge board in the middle of the main square. On it are painted the names and addresses of Jews and Aryans of different sexes who may have been seen speaking to each other or walking along a street together. "So-and-so goes with So-and-so," it states in great red letters. There is a long list every week.

It is so childish and idiotic that, despite the bugle-blowing brownshirts and their inviting calls to come and read it, most of the citizens of Breslau lower their eyes and walk quickly past.

My host, although allowed to wear a fine brown jacket with red tabs, after being blackmailed into giving a big subscription to the Nazi Party, treated the whole organisation as a misguided joke. His crowning feat was to teach his dog to stick up its paw when he shouted "Heil, Hitler!" But the windows were closed carefully and the blinds drawn before the performance was staged.

Not content with persecuting the Jews, the Nazis have antagonised both the Catholic and Evangelical Churches by their irreligious worship of the old Teuton gods and by their other creeds.

For a marriage certificate, "Believer in Germany" is recognised as a religion. Children in soup-kitchens say this grace: "I thank you to-day for my daily bread, Führer, my Führer."

As I came away last week, 800 district leaders of the Nazi Party were assembled near Cologne, in a great building surrounded by armed sentries, receiving secret instructions for their work during this winter. What new goads are they devising to drive the German people, like patient oxen, still further? And who knows whither?

W. T.

Jess snapped at the children

She was missing her exercise

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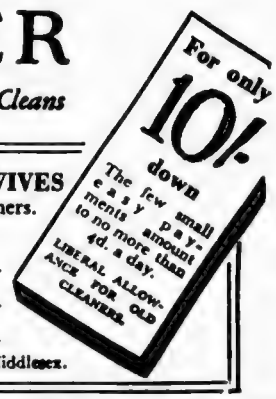

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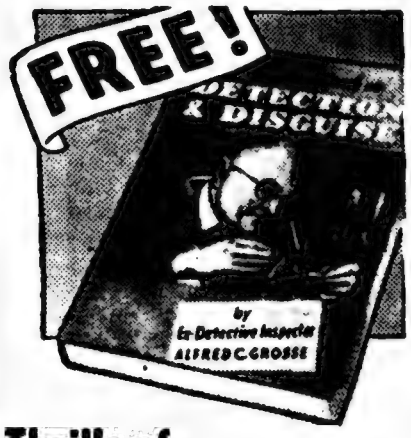

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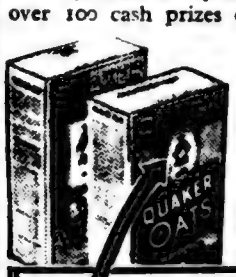

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Secrets Of The Flying Squad

By Supt. Hambrook

OUR FIRST PATROL

A police operator sends a wireless message from headquarters to a "Flying Squad" patrol

DAY and night, everywhere within the boundaries of the Metropolitan Police area, they make their secret patrol.

While London is awake and working; while London is asleep, the men and cars of the "Flying Squad" are on the road. Out and about on their duty—safeguarding the metropolis against crime.

The "Flying Squad" is now the most important and spectacular arm of the Metropolitan Police.

It was my distinction to be the first chief and organiser of this "Flying Squad."

I have watched it grow from its very small beginning in 1920 until the present day, when it has reached its zenith of power and effectiveness.

During the years which followed the war, the country, and London in particular, suffered a wave of the more violent type of crime.

The reason was obvious. Values had altered during the stress of war years. Life and property were held in slight respect. The community was reaping the aftermath of war.

And the criminals had a valuable aid to their activities—the motor-car.

With the rapid development of the motor industry and as more and more cars came on the roads, the means of rapid transport and quick escape was ready to hand for any desperado.

Criminals were making a regular practice of stealing fast cars for use in their adventures.

In the police we had no effective counter methods. The motor bandit, the smash and grab raider, and the "hold-up" merchant could snap their fingers at the efforts of the police to catch them.

Not until 1920 was the Metropolitan Police force supplied with any motor transport. And then cars were only allowed to Divisional Superintendents to replace the old, high-wheeled dog carts in which these officers used to drive between the police stations of their divisions.

A little later a few detective inspectors were issued with motor bicycles and side-cars—which, incidentally, frequently broke down. For all practical purposes there was no mobile police force at all.

Early summer of 1920 it was decided to try the experiment of providing motor tenders or lorries for the use of detectives selected for special duty for their knowledge of the habits, the haunts and the methods of the more expert and violent of London's crooks.

As a senior inspector, I was appointed to take charge of this new road patrol. I knew that some of the "higher ups" at New Scotland Yard were decidedly dubious about the whole idea.

Detailed to act under me were three other inspectors, four sergeants and eight detective constables, in addition to two drivers. We were put into commission in September, 1920.

News of this development leaked out in the papers, and it was a journalist who christened us the "Flying Squad." That name stuck and was eventually adopted by Scotland Yard. So the "Flying Squad" was born.

We had no wireless in those days—that instrument of police work came later. With our two vans we roamed about London, trusting to luck and our own knowledge to pick up the trail of the motor bandit.

But the effectiveness of our work from the very start showed beyond all shadow of doubt that police mobility would provide the solution of the rampant, serious crime problem.

The two covered motor-vans, given to the Squad at first, were Army lorries, relics of the war. They had been patched and reconditioned, but were certainly not fast, as we measure road speed in these present days.

Let me tell now the story of our earliest exploits.

There was a ring of thieves who had been terrorising and robbing shopkeepers and householders in various parts of London. They used motor vehicles and always we were too late to catch them. They were able to steal valuable property and dispose of it before the police could get to work at all.

Indeed it frequently happened that, although we were positive in our own mind who were the instigators of scores of robberies, there was no definite evidence on which we could arrest.

Now that we had our own motor-vans we meant to break these gangs. Events exceeded my most optimistic expectations.

It was known that one thieving band operated on occasions from Camden Town and sometimes from the neighbourhood of the Elephant and Castle.

Accordingly, one van left on a skirmishing expedition in North London while I went southward across the river in the other tender.

I took six officers with me—all as keen as mustard—and as we threaded our way through the crowded streets of the Borough and Camberwell—on our first night out—I am sure nobody suspected the purpose of the old, grey-coloured Army wagon.

On the second evening of this South London patrol I saw a man well known to be a desperate rogue jump into a half-ton covered van standing in the Old Kent Road. Quite a chance incident, as a minute later we should have passed without seeing him

Of course we followed the van, which went towards the Elephant and Castle. It stopped suddenly near the railway station and six more men—three of whom I recognised as notorious criminals—joined the van.

All that night until the early hours of the morning we followed that mystery van; watching what happened whenever it pulled up. Much to our disappointment, no attempt was made to work a "job" that night.

But we did find out where that van was garaged, so our vigilance was certainly not wasted.

I called in the section of the "Squad" from Camden Town, and had my men and cars watching in relays outside the garage. This vigil lasted thirty-two hours. Then our full reward came.

At four o'clock one morning, several men went into the garage, all of them carrying suspicious looking parcels wrapped in newspaper.

Some minutes later the van emerged, and we followed with our two Squad tenders. In Parliament Square the van stopped and was boarded by three other men; making a cargo of eight men, including the driver.

Near the lower end of Victoria Street the van stopped again, and three of the men alighted to inspect a silversmith's shop, but they made no attempt upon those premises.

After that the van was driven into Pimlico Road and stopped near a clothiers' shop. All the men got out, some going towards the shop and the others taking up position as scouts.

It looked as though, at last, real business was to take place. I thought it was time to deploy my own men and surround the party. One of the scouts, however, gave the alarm, and the whole gang

(*Continued on page 30*)

Every appetite has its fling when meals are served with PAN YAN. Hoots, mon, it's guid! The flavour alone is worth the money. But Pan Yan has something else besides flavour! It stimulates the digestive juices—and that makes a mon bricht and bonny.

PAN YAN-FOR JOLLY GOOD MEALS

22.4a

Your Looks have Gone Off — Your Nerves are in Tatters

WINCARNIS

THE WINE OF LIFE

Brings New Youthfulness

You can't be attractive if you're nagged by nerves. Looks go—charm disappears. It may be the strain of modern life that's causing it. Or it may be some personal worry. Never mind—Wincarnis will soon make you see things in a new light, make you cheery, bright and "magnetic" again. You'll be astonished at the difference your mirror shows—bright eyes, new colour, fresh gaiety. Your irritability will disappear—friends that have been slipping away will now seek you out, men will look at you with new eyes.

It means something that Wincarnis has 20,000 recommendations from medical men. Wincarnis will give you a new lease of health. Don't waste your money on cheap products. Only Wincarnis is good enough for you. It contains the essence of prime beef and vitamin malt extract skilfully blended with rich red wine. Health is priceless—Wincarnis is 5/6d.

RICH RED WINE, PRIME BEEF ESSENCE, VITAMIN MALT EXTRACT —WINCARNIS IS LITERALLY CONCENTRATED GOODNESS...

FREE TRIAL OFFER

Write to-day for free trial bottle of Wincarnis to Coleman & Co., Ltd., Dept. A.D.16, Wincarnis Works, Norwich. Enclose 4½d. in stamps to cover postage and packing. Wincarnis will do you good.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

"This was a case that aroused my sympathy"

said the Nurse
Is it like yours?

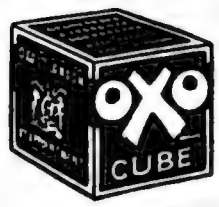
"She never really told me but I think her nerves were caused through a broken engagement. Although she was quite young her face was lined and pinched and her irritability made her a bad patient. But I understood—and soon had her on Wincarnis. My! The difference it made. It wasn't long before she was looking charmingly young and pretty. When I left I knew it wouldn't be long before romance came into her life again. In fact, I passed him on the doorstep!"

The Flavour they Favour

Everyone will notice the improvement in richness and flavour in your stews, soups and meat dishes generally if you add Oxo Cubes.

For Oxo makes *good* cooking even *better*. It provides the essential food-substances of prime beef in concentrated form—it increases nutrition—aids digestion—makes the meal more appetising and attractive.

Oxo dishes are economical as well as tasty. There are many excellent savouries you can make, easily and cheaply, with Oxo Cubes and *even the simplest ingredients.*



ADD ONE OR TWO

OXO CUBES

72/36

TO DAY'S THE DAY

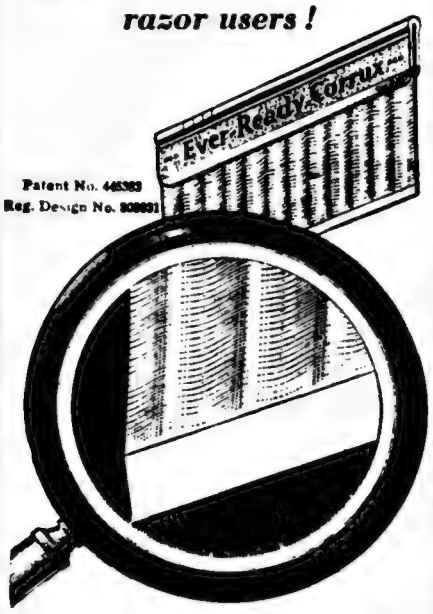
OF THE *new*

Corrugated Steel Razor Blade

New shaving comfort for

Ever-Ready

razor users!

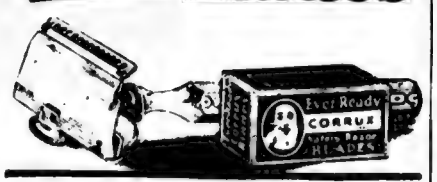


Corrugated construction makes metal stronger—now, for the first time, it is applied in Corrux to give steel razor blades a *keener* edge—a *stronger* edge—than ever before.

EVER-READY knew that if razor blade steel could be corrugated the master blade with the keenest edge would be here . . . a blade that would tackle the two fundamental faults of the modern wafer blade—vibration and a short-lasting edge—at the very root. Now Corrux "corrugation" has been achieved and has banished vibration and pulling! Only by using an Ever-Ready razor can you get the benefit of this secret "corrugation" process applied to the Ever-Ready Corrux blade.

Ever-Ready

CORRUX **Blades**



ANNOUNCEMENT OF EVER-READY RAZOR PRODUCTS LTD., THE HYDE, LONDON, N.W.9

Continuing—SECRETS of the FLYING SQUAD

At GRIPS *with* ARMED BANDITS

rushed to their van, which started up and raced away Our first active Squad chase had commenced

My tender was just fast enough to overtake the van. We swung across its course, forcing it to stop. Just at that moment a terrific thunderstorm broke.

I jumped out of the back of the tender, followed by my officers. I flung open the door of the van. Before one could say "Jack Robinson" all the men hidden therein scrambled out. They were armed with knuckle-dusters, loaded life-preservers and dagger knives. They attacked us furiously.

There was a desperate hand-to-hand encounter. What with the noise of the storm and the yelling of the fighting men, small wonder that many of the residents in the street flung open their bedroom windows to see what was happening. They were excited spectators of the battle.

Never during the whole of my police experience have I gone on duty armed. My only "weapon" was a heavy walking stick. This I fancy I used to some advantage. While I was laying about me, one of the gang came up at my back, shouting, "Let me kill the blighter," and knocked me down with a blow from his life-preserver. This fellow was in turn laid out by a detectives truncheon.

I was lying on the ground with trampling feet all over me, but I could see that our men were gaining supremacy.

One by one the crooks went down under the lusty arms of my assistants. Not a single one of them escaped. We bundled the whole lot into the tender and took them to Gerald Road police station. We must have presented an extraordinarily bedraggled spectacle as we handed over our capture.

My injuries were not severe but just enough to keep me from appearing in court when the bandits were charged before the magistrate the same morning.

That was the first arrest made by the new mobile police section. Never before had such a dangerous gang been brought before the court. The van was found to contain a number of housebreaking implements, including jemmies, iron bars and wedges.

The seven men were charged with being armed at night with offensive weapons with intent to break and enter closed premises

During a remand the prisoners were put up for identification. Three of them were recognised by a police constable as men who brutally assaulted him when he disturbed them in a shop-breaking raid at Camberwell only a few nights before their arrest.

The map-room at Scotland Yard showing the latest positions of the Flying Squad cars

The Westminster magistrate, in committing all seven men for trial, said the capture was one of the cleverest he remembered and one presenting great physical difficulties.

The late Sir Henry Dickens, the Common Serjeant, who presided at the Old Bailey trial, was good enough to call me and my officers before him in public court and commend us for "courage and ability in bringing this gang to justice."

So many examples of heroism were—and always will be—displayed by Flying Squad officers in the execution of their dangerous duty that it is difficult for me to make a selection without appearing to discriminate between one brave man and another.

Those who know me will, I'm sure, acquit me of showing any favouritism. The job is one which calls for iron nerve and a resolute spirit. On no occasion have any past or present officers of the Flying Squad been deficient in those two qualities. Indeed, the fault, if fault it be, has been an excess of enthusiasm.

One particular case I must mention concerns the supreme courage of Detective Inspector Ockey. He overtook a bandit's car, boarded it while travelling at fifty miles an hour, and was thereupon savagely attacked with an iron bar. Ockey fell into the road unconscious. Only the fact that his hair was unusually thick saved him from death.

Three men took part in this attack. When they appeared at the Old Bailey Sir Percival Clarke, who represented the Director of Public Prosecutions, declared that the story of the arrest gave some indication of the bravery displayed by the police when face to face with desperadoes out for the purpose of committing crime.

"We who sleep quietly in our beds at night," he said, "do not realise that this sort of thing could be happening in London between one and two o'clock in the morning"

Another sensational capture we made was at Islington. In this instance we had some special information. I sent out a van to watch for a man who was known to have organised his own small party of bandits.

At 4.30 one morning this man and four associates were seen in Islington. One of the men was followed to a garage from which he stole a motor-car. He drove off and picked up his comrades. Just at that point in events my two "Squad" cars came out and blocked the road in front of the stolen car.

Without a moment's hesitation the leader of the gang, who was driving, headed his vehicle straight at the leading "Squad" car, smashing the steering gear and buckling one of the front wheels. After mounting the footpath he drove head-on into the second police car.

The bandits jumped out and fought my officers with such ferocity that only with great difficulty were they overpowered.

In the stolen car were two jemmies, a wrench, a quantity of rope, a Post Office mail bag, a carrier used for the removal of steel safes and other articles. Quite plainly the men were starting out on a safe-breaking raid when caught.

Eventually each of our prisoners was sentenced to three years' penal servitude.

As we proved our worth and established the necessity for a mobile force in London, we received fresh equipment and additions to our ranks

Our two original Army lorries went to the scrap-heap. We had new and faster cars, and tenders.

We became the chief striking unit of Scotland Yard in the continuous war against crime.

Experiments in wireless had shown that it was possible to equip motor-cars so that trained operators travelling in them could remain always in touch with headquarters.

Before promotion moved me to other activity the Flying Squad had grown beyond my imagination—scores of motor vehicles, of different kinds and various disguises, each fitted with wireless, and hundreds of trained detectives to man the vehicles.

Looking back on my long police service, I think that the time spent in the "Squad" was the most valuable—and certainly the most exciting—of my whole life.

Naturally I am very proud to have been associated with the building of this new police instrument I am gratified that I was given the great chance of being the first officer in charge of the "Squad."

From my retirement I salute the good men who served under me and the equally good men who followed after. They are all splendid fellows: loyal assistants and brave comrades. I know no better.

Next Week:

Famous International Crooks

LIGHTS OUT

"MAKING the lights come back," used to be a great event in a Glamorgan home until recently.

As often as the penny gave out in the gas-meter the small boy of the house would insist on his right to go rushing to the parlour with another coin to "make the lights come back."

And his eagerness made good, hearty fun until, on a recent evening, he had to take a lighted candle with him owing to the lateness of the hour.

He tripped over the carpet, in his rush, caught with the flame the edge of a counterpane that had been left in the room, and went back to his parents without a word as to what had happened. Not until mother walked casually into the room some time after did she find that he had set the counterpane on fire, and that pounds' worth of damage had resulted.

A serious loss to that little family—or would have been but for a wise precaution mother had taken some time before. Because she had signed the free coupon JOHN BULL prints every week, the damage was paid for under our unique free family insurance scheme.

Sign that coupon *now*. It is on page 45. It will protect you in such exigencies—and in many far more serious.

Freedom!

The freedom to buy one's legitimate requirements is the natural desire of everybody. If you have any difficulty in obtaining SANDEMAN Port, remember you are a free agent and entitled to buy it. Don't be dictated to!

Unrivalled for 145 years

SANDEMAN PORT

FOR WARMING YOUR HOME QUICKLY AND CHEAPLY • • •

The handiest and cheapest form of heating you can possibly get is a Valor Oil Heater. It will keep every corner of your home cosily warm and dry through the damp and chilly days and nights ahead. The Valor is easily carried from one room to another as needed. No smoke, no smell, no trouble. Costs next-to-nothing to run. Burns for hours without attention. Lasts for years. Look for the Valor shield to make certain that you get the genuine Valor. Over 2½ millions already sold! Stocked by all Ironmongers and Stores.

PRICES FROM **14/-**

Large black model No. 525R as illustrated - - **22/-**

Ask your dealer for illustrated price-list of all models.

BRITISH-MADE

VALOR OIL HEATERS

V.H.28

Manufactured by THE VALOR CO. LTD. *(Registered Proprietors)*, BIRMINGHAM
Wholesale Distributors : ANGLO-AMERICAN OIL CO. LTD. *Branches everywhere.*

For *BEST* results always use *PURE WHITE*
ROYAL DAYLIGHT OIL AND **VALOR WICKS**

THE GREATEST PROTECTION & THE WORLD'S GREATEST VALUES

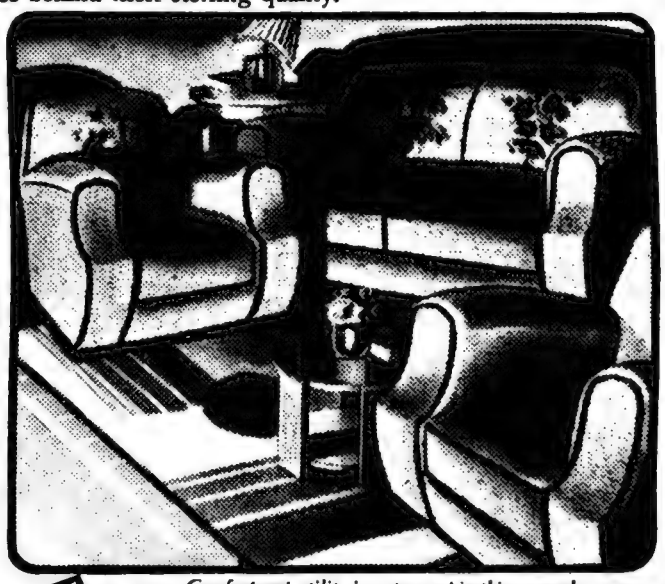
JAYS PAY YOUR INSTALMENTS FOR 6 MONTHS FOR LOSS OF WAGES THROUGH DISABLEMENT AND SICKNESS.

7 BRITISH FACTORIES MAKE EXCLUSIVE DESIGNS FOR 150 BRANCHES. 50 years of unapproachable values, terms & concessions

Gone for ever is the dread of what would happen should you suffer loss of wages through serious illness or disability, for in that case Jays pay your instalments for a period up to six months, after the first four weeks of disablement. Should fire strike, then Jays replace or repair goods entirely free. In case of death, goods become the property of the next-of-kin without *any* further payment. That is how Jays protect you from adversity. And remember their exclusive-design furniture and their pianos have the reputation of British factories behind their sterling quality.

Call at your nearest branch and inspect the magnificent selection or write for catalogue and brochure giving details of Jay's unique protection schemes on orders of £25 or over.

PIANOS
No Deposit. Free Tuition. Free tuning for one year. 200 weeks to pay. New instruments guaranteed for 20 years.



Comfort and utility is expressed in this example of a modern 3-piece suite from Jay's showrooms. **18½ guineas** or **10/-** a month.

An example of Jay's Terms

Worth Monthly		Worth Monthly	
£20	8/-	£50	20/-
£40	16/-	£100	40/-

200 WEEKS TO PAY

Not only do Jays offer all round security, but their easy terms, giving you 200 weeks to pay, special consideration in times of misfortune and personal service make furnishing a real pleasure.

JAY'S FURNISHING STORES

FREE Please send me your fine Catalogue Post Free.
J.B. 28.11.36.
Name .....
Address .....
.....
Post to us a ½d. stamped unsealed envelope.

248, 249, 250, TOTTENHAM COURT RD.
(Oxford Street End)
W.1
Telephone: Museum 2483 and 2378

MANCHESTER, 1: 28-30, Oldham Street **LIVERPOOL**: 58-62, Church Street
NEWCASTLE: 55-57, Northumberland St. **GLASGOW**: 19-25, Sauchiehall St., C.2
150 OTHER BRANCHES

You can taste the Fruit in Rowntree's Gums & Pastilles

Taste that splendid summer flavour of sweet raspberries—*the really ripe* raspberry flavour and no other—in Rowntree's Assorted Fruit Clear Gums (*hard*) and Fruit Pastilles (*medium*). There's tangerine, lime and lemon, too—apricot and gooseberry—*and* black-currant!

2D TUBES

3D PKTS.

6D PKTS.

'SO GOOD BETWEEN SMOKES'

Also try JUICY-FRUITS, *soft, in packets, at 6d. ¼ lb.*

Her Pretty Face never spoiled by Winter Colds

Miss Daphne Hall, "Indasra", Westcliff-on-Sea, says: "I have used Vick for 4 years now. It never fails to rid me of that horrid 'headiness'—gives such quick, sure relief that I no longer dread colds."

The 3-MINUTE VICK MASSAGE Breaks up most colds Overnight

Simply rub Vick brand Vapour-Rub on throat and chest, and on the back—between and below the shoulder-blades. Then spread it thick on the chest and cover with warm flannel.

No Waiting—Acts Instantly

The brisk massage starts Vick working through the skin like an old-fashioned poultice. Even before you finish rubbing, the chest and back feel warm and comfortable as Vick begins to "draw out" tightness, break up congestion.

At the same time, warmed by the body, Vick releases its powerful medicated vapours. Breathed in for hours, 18 times a minute, they clear the air-passages, make breathing easy again.

Relaxed and comfortable, the patient soon sleeps. And Vick's double action keeps on working for hours, breaks up most colds by morning.

Now Improved— WHITE, STAINLESS VICK BRAND VAPOUR-RUB

Childless Unmarried Mother Speaks

A rosy-cheeked woman—whose age, it will be seen, must be thirty-seven—called at the offices of "John Bull" a few days ago. She handed in a package which she asked to be delivered to the Editor. The contents were a personal narrative, which is given below exactly as written, except for the deletion of certain names. Her own name and present whereabouts are also not disclosed because, as she says . . .

From her earliest days the care of children has been a millstone round her neck. It still goes on . . .

I WOULD be sure to get some offers of marriage from queer men. I call any man "queer" who tries to find a bride by post. Also, if my name and address were printed, my employers might resent it. I am Nannie to their three children at this house in Surrey and have only been in the job for five weeks.

They call me Nannie, but I have really to be mother to the kiddies. Their own mother is a helpless invalid.

I have been a mother since I was twelve years old. I have never been anything else all my life. I call myself "the unmarried mother who has never had a child."

That won't seem so strange if you think it over. Most likely you have never given a thought to women in my position. Why should you? All your interest and sympathy have been for the other kind of unmarried mother—the one who has a love-child.

I would like to explain why I'm telling you these things about myself. It is because I feel a bit angry with a Miss White, who has put herself up for election to Parliament at a by-election in Preston. She represents the National Spinsters' League, and is demanding pensions for spinsters who have earned their livelihood in offices and factories and who have become too old to work at forty-five.

Empty Future

I can't find a word in her speeches about the other kind of spinster—the life-long mother who has no babies of her own, who has lost all hope of suitable marriage and for whom the future must be empty unless she goes on minding other people's children. There must be quite a lot of us.

I'll begin to tell you about myself from 1911, because it was then, when I was twelve, that my own mother became bedridden for the rest of her life by falling from a swingboat at Blackpool, where all the family was on holiday.

I was the second of four children, but another was to come later. One brother was three years older than me, another was then six years old, and I had two sisters, one aged four and the other just learning to walk.

While Mum was in hospital after the accident, I became mother to that lot at our home in Wakefield. Dad was a mill hand and earned 30s. a week, of which I got 28s. to spend on the house. That year I passed into the secondary school, and the lessons and homework were heavy. So every morning I had to rise at 5 o'clock to make the breakfasts, bath my baby sister, get the potatoes and vegetables and other things ready in the pots for our midday meal, tidy up the rooms and then off to school with my little brother and sister. I had to run home at dinner time to get the food ready, more attention to the house and baby (who was looked after by a neighbour for a small weekly sum while I was at school). Afternoon school over, I went shopping, cooked high tea, and then lessons until it was time to get my family to bed.

Mum did not come home from hospital for five months, and I will never forget the day when the doctor told Dad that she would never be able to leave bed again. My childish mind was stunned. I could grasp one fact only—that for years and years I would have to be the mother to our home. There was not nearly enough income to pay for a housekeeper.

So it went on until 1914, when Bob, who had joined the Territorials, went away to the war, and I left school. I had done very well at school, and had dreamed of becoming a domestic science teacher, but any hope of a career was frustrated.

The clearest recollection I have of the war days is that of my visits to the food rationing offices. The gentleman in charge always greeted me as "the little mother," and sometimes, with a wink and putting his finger to his lips, he would slip me an extra book of meat coupons.

In 1919, Bob, who had been in hospital in France for months with gas poisoning, came home a complete wreck. He was with us only seven weeks when he had to go into a Ministry of Pensions hospital, where he died.

I was then twenty, and had become engaged to be married. I was deeply in love, but I broke off the engagement after six months. I saw that it was hopeless, although he vowed that he would wait for any length of time until I was free. I have never seen him since.

Please don't think I'm being vain or boastful if I mention that since then I have had several marriage offers from acceptable men. I could not give any of them serious consideration. My children were still at school, and, worst of all, seventeen years ago, my mother had another baby boy. Complications set in because of her accident at Blackpool, and, after several operations during the next two years, she passed away.

The prospect of marriage while I retained my youth thus became more remote when I had to take charge of a new baby brother. I began deliberately to shun the society of all men, lest I should again fall in love and be tempted to break away from it all.

Mum had been dead only two months when my father was stricken with a disease of the lungs contracted from dust in the mill. His compensation pay was soon reduced to 15s. a week, and even when my younger brother and two sisters were old enough to go out to work their earnings were so small that there was not sufficient to keep the house without public assistance.

Left Alone

How I dreaded those awful interviews with the relieving officers, when I was asked question after question, as if I were dishonest and worthless!

Dad died four years ago.

One by one my brothers and sisters had left home to be married, until I was left alone with the youngest one. They all have children of their own now. And, of course, I was quickly made their makeshift mother, their "Auntie" ready to be summoned at any time. Often I was not even asked. I was just told that one or other of them was going off on a holiday or a week-end or to the theatre, and I would be expected to take care of their little ones.

Last summer, my uncle in Canada visited Britain on the Vimy Pilgrimage. He offered to take my baby, Harold, now seventeen, to Canada and train him on his farm. Harold sailed eight weeks ago—and for the first time in twenty-five years I was free.

The contents of our old home were divided between my brother and sisters, and I came to London to find a job. At the domestic bureau where I called I was asked if I had any experience of children.

"Some," I replied.

"What about a post as nurse at a nice house in Surrey to three children whose mother is an invalid?" asked the manageress of the bureau.

First, I nearly swooned. Then I laughed uncontrollably. The manageress must have thought I was daft. "All right," I said. I saw it was my fate.

This is the longest letter I have ever had the time to write, and I sign it

A CHILDLESS UNMARRIED MOTHER.

SPECIALLY *for* YOU

JOHN BULL'S Christmas Gift to its readers, announced last week, has met with such an overwhelming response that thousands of these wonderful Writing Sets are being sent to readers daily.

Never has JOHN BULL made an offer on so lavish a scale. Readers are offered a Free Gift Voucher accepted at 2s. 9d. cash in part payment of a 5s. 6d. Writing Set, or a Free Gift Voucher accepted as 7s. 6d. cash in part payment of a 12s. 6d. Writing Set De Luxe, which includes a handsome Sheffield steel penknife. You may accept one or both—which will you have?

Turn to page 22 now.

With a bottle in the cupboard you've a cellar in the house!

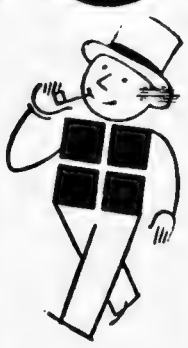
You'll find the kiddies also simply revel in the lasting flavour of WRIGLEY'S. And nothing could do them more good—all the time they are chewing WRIGLEY'S, it's cleaning and helping to preserve those little teeth upon which their future so much depends! Besides, the jaw muscles are strengthened and mouth and throat kept clean. So let them have WRIGLEY'S as often as they like, Mother!

5 PIECES FOR 1D.

WRIGLEY'S

after every meal

Yes, laddie, it's booked for a lifetime run!



Acting is a full time job these days, but I find plenty of time for a pipe in between. And what is a pipe without Four Square? Hamlet without the Prince of Denmark—a revue without a bevy of beauties! I'll tell you why: Four Square is blended from the purest leaf, matured by nature, and free from artificial flavouring. Morning, noon and night you can smoke it, with never a hint of harshness, never a taint to the tongue. With me, at least, it's booked for a lifetime run, for I've a voice to consider!

FOUR SQUARE

Tobaccos and Cigarettes

Empire Mixture (*Green Squares*)	10½d.
Curlies (*Purple Squares*)	10½d.
Cut Cake (*Yellow Squares*)	11d.
Ripe Brown (*Brown Squares*)	11d.
Original Mixture (*Blue Squares*)	1/2½d.
Matured Virginia (*Red Squares*)	1/3d.

10½d. to 1/3d.

Sold in the easy-to-open 1-oz. and 2-oz. vacuum tins. All Blends are Medium Strength.

ALSO FOUR SQUARE DE LUXE VIRGINIA CIGARETTES. PACKETS: 10 FOR 7d., 20 FOR 1/2d. FLAT TINS: 25 FOR 1/6d.

SAMPLES OF ALL 6 BLENDS, 1/-. WRITE DEPT. JB 11 GEORGE DOBIE & SON LTD. PAISLEY, SCOTLAND

Basil Butler

BAD CIRCULATION & RHEUMATISM

WONDERFUL RECOVERY AFTER TWO YEARS' SUFFERING!

Miss E. Sharp, 8 Heyes St., Appley Bridge, nr. Wigan, writes:—"I have been suffering for two years from Rheumatism and Bad Circulation and could not walk nor sleep. My fingerends used to go dead, and I had no use in my limbs. I was stated to be incurable. I started to take Vitadatio, and after three doses I could feel the circulation moving. After taking 10 bottles, to everyone's surprise, I can now walk and do my own work, and friends stand staring when they see me normal once again. I recommend Vitadatio wherever I go. There is nothing on this earth to equal it."

If you are a Sufferer, Get a Bottle To-day!

Vitadatio SEND FOR FREE BOOK of TESTIMONIALS

Renowned Herbal Tonic. Invaluable for Blood Troubles, Liver, Kidney and Stomach Complaints. Sold by Boots, Timothy Whites and Taylors, Chemists and Stores, 3/- and 5/- per bottle, post 6d. extra in U.K. 21/- Export Bottles, post free, from VITADATIO, No. 121, ARMLEY, LEEDS.

Dr. Wernet's Powder For FALSE TEETH

A Joy To All Users

Cannot Slip or Slide

Sprinkle on Dr. Wernet's Powder and you won't have to think about your false teeth all day long. Joyous comfort is yours. Eat anything you want, it holds plates firmly in place—they positively cannot slip or slide. Forms protective cushion for sensitive gums. Leaves no coloured, gummy substance—keeps mouth fresh, breath pleasant. Quite harmless and cannot upset the stomach. Prescribed by world's most noted dentists. The cost is small—the comfort great. Sold by Chemists everywhere. Post Coupon for free trial sample, which will be sent in plain wrapper. Use unsealed envelope ½d. stamp.

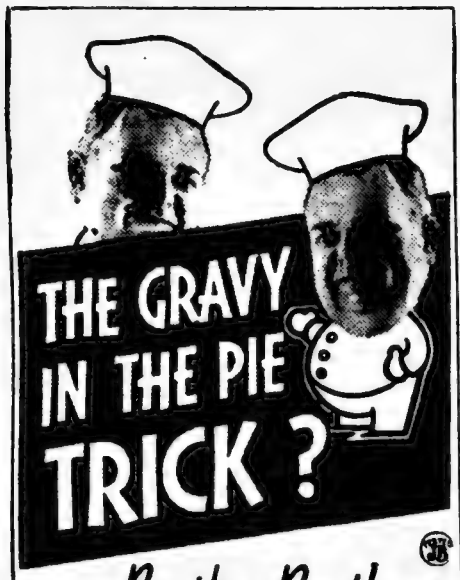
FREE SAMPLE

Name.....

Address.....

.....

FASSETT & JOHNSON, Ltd., (Dept. J.B. 6), 86, Clerkenwell Road, London E.C.1.



By the Brothers

BeToX

—My! What a pie! To think that BETOX Gravy makes all *that* difference! Any more tricks like that? Rather—try it with Stews, Soups, Hashes, Rissoles, Curries, Puddings, or any meat or vegetable dish! Anything else? Yes—BETOX Extract, which makes the most delicious and nourishing Sandwich-Spread. What a flavour! Brave, Brothers BETOX!

EXTRACT 3 OZ JAR 6d | POWDER TRIAL SIZE 1d

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MY BIG STORY By Registered Reader No. 86,895

Kicking and struggling, the Italian was carried to the side and held over the rail. "Please don't," he panted

STOWAWAY

as told to Conrad Phillips, who is visiting registered readers' homes and retelling their big thrill. £5 5s. is paid for each story published. This week's story is from Mr. R. Fowler, 36, Elder Square, Ashington, Northumberland

THE twenty-two thousand ton liner ploughed majestically through the sea. The day was ideal. The 600 odd passengers on board were on the decks enjoying the brilliant sunshine that splashed the sea like a million jewels. They played games, and sat relaxed in chairs, wearing sunglasses.

The ship was a week out of Fremantle. Most of the passengers were English returning to the old country from Australia. All of them, except two men who stood by the port side rail, looked happy.

The men were tall and well built. The darker of the two had the square jaws and the hooked nose characteristic of one type of American. The other man was typically English. He had bright steel-grey eyes and a face that was perpetually animated by an alert mind.

"We've gotta have a show-down with that wop," the American said.

"I quite agree," the Englishman replied.

"Yes," proceeded the American. "He knows we've got money. His racket's as plain as the villainy in his eyes. Unless we part up, he'll squeal to the officers who we are."

"What do you propose doing then?" asked the Englishman.

'You'll see." He turned round. "Come, let's see where that son of a mongoose is."

They walked past a group of passengers, and then disappeared to the left at the bottom of the deck.

The men were stowaways. At Fremantle they had walked aboard with passengers unnoticed. The first night out they confided their predicament to three amiable Englishmen, who shared a large cabin with five other men. They had been sympathetic and had agreed to let the stowaways sleep under the bottom bunks in their cabin.

FOOD was smuggled to them, and for the most part they had had, until now, a successful voyage. During the day the adventurers mingled with the passengers, and nobody seemed to notice that there was anything wrong.

The English stowaway had been desperate when he had met the American in the little café in Fremantle. A few days before he had received a letter from the mother of his fiancée in England. The girl was critically ill, and was not expected to live.

It had been his intention first to establish himself in Australia and then to send for the girl to join him.

The American was a soldier of fortune. Years spent roaming around the South Sea Islands and in the Australian Bush had sharpened his wits and made him tough. Unlike his companion, he had nobody who cared for him. To him life was made up of a series of adventures, the world a happy hunting ground.

The Italian, about whom they had been speaking, was a short, rat-like individual, with shifty, dark eyes. He shared the cabin with the other passengers who had befriended the stowaways.

Two days after they had left Fremantle he had called the Englishman to one side and informed him that he was short of money.

THEN he made sinister suggestions to the effect that if the Englishman did not give him some he would be bound to divulge his secret to the captain. Whereupon the Englishman had a conference with his colleague, who was now ready to take action.

"I think," the American said, as they paused amidships, "that I'll get this baby by himself to-night, for you can convince heels like him better in the dark."

"You'd better go easy, old man," the Englishman warned.

There was no moon that night. Clouds had obscured the sky altogether. With them came a warm wind and people were saying that it was blowing up for a storm.

The stowaways watched the Italian leave the dining saloon. He came on deck looking very pleased with himself. When two pretty girls saw the grinning leer on his face they tossed their curly heads in the air and hurried past.

Shrugging his shoulders he walked to the forward deck, where later he sat on a hatch. The wind was blowing so hard now that he experienced difficulty in lighting a cigarette. It was very dark.

The stowaways followed him, and in a dark shadow they paused for discussion.

"You leave him to me," the American said, in a sinister voice. "When I'm finished with him he won't feel like squealing on us."

They approached the Italian slowly; then they calmly sat on either side of him. They did not speak immediately.

"Hullo, boys," the Italian greeted them. "It's blowing up rough."

"Yeah," the American drawled. He paused for a moment. "Say," he added, looking into the Italian's face, "I hear from my buddy that you want money."

"That's right. I had barely enough to pay my passage."

"Is that so. By the way, where do you get off?"

"Italy."

"Got your folks there, huh?"

"Yes," replied the Italian, taking a cigarette from his mouth. "Haven't seen them for years."

HE spoke almost flawless English, without an accent.

"Pretty keen on seeing them, ain't you?" The American's voice was menacing.

"Sure." The Italian did not know quite what to make of it.

"We got folks, too," the American went on. "As a matter of fact my partner's sweetheart is lying sick in England and he's going to see her."

"You mean if he doesn't get caught," the Italian said, with a note of triumph in his voice.

"He won't do that." The American's behaviour was confident.

"Not unless someone gives him away." The stowaways stood up, and leaned over the Italian.

"Listen," the American said, after a pause. "There are only eight people on this ship who know anything about us. Seven of them are Anglo-Saxons; they don't squeal. They got sporting instincts——"

"I say, what are you driving at, baby?" the Italian broke in defiantly.

"Don't you know?"

"You think I squeal, eh? If you do you're wrong. But if the steward asks me who you are I can't lie to him, can I? That is, not unless it's worth my while."

The boat began to roll now, and waves, like bulls with bent heads, charged the side of the ship furiously.

"Come on," the American said to his colleague, "let's give him the works. Let's toss him over the side, and give the fish a break."

Upon which he made a grab at the Italian. Followed a struggle, at the end of which the American held the Italian firmly in his strong arms. With him kicking and struggling, he carried him to the side of the ship.

"Please don't! Please don't!" the Italian panted. "I promise on my word of honour not to say anything if you let me go."

"You are too late," the American growled, lifting him level with the side of the ship.

AT this juncture the Englishman came forward and persuaded his friend not to proceed with his murderous intention.

"Thank you," the Italian said to the Englishman, when he was released.

"It would have been a terrible thing," the Englishman said later, when the Italian had gone, "if you had have drowned that man."

The American laughed.

"Forget it, kid," he said. "I was only bluffing. It was the only thing to do. He'll think twice now before he squeals."

Until they got to Italy the blackmailer avoided the stowaways, and by the expression of relief on his face as he walked down the gangway, he was pleased to part company with them.

At Southampton the two adventurers reached shore safely. They got off the boat under the pretence that they were stewards carrying luggage ashore. Thus they completed 10,000 miles undetected—probably a record for stowaways.

Reaching his home in Newcastle, the Englishman was overjoyed to find his sweetheart fully recovered. They were married the following Spring.

He is registered reader No. 86,895.

Until he related this story to me, Mrs. Fowler had no idea that her husband had taken such a risk in order to see her.

NEW, HOME-MADE RECIPE CURES COUGHS, COLDS AND CATARRH

The reason coughs, colds and catarrh are so hard to cure is because the phlegm clogs the tiny air passages and prevents medicine reaching the infectious germs. Now they've found a way to greatly improve the old-fashioned home-made Parmint recipe which has never been beaten as a specific for this sort of trouble.

Just ask any chemist for an ounce of Double Strength Parmint and mix it with half a pint of home-made sugar or Honey Syrup. When he gives you the Parmint he'll also give you some tablets called Parmintabs. They're specially made to dissolve the phlegm and let the healing medicaments of the Parmint get to work right away.

You'll be surprised what instant relief this new Double Treatment brings and how quickly it gets rid of your trouble altogether. You've never had anything cure a cold so rapidly. Make a point of getting that Parmint to-day and make up a bottle of your own medicine at once. It's very economical and very easy to make up.

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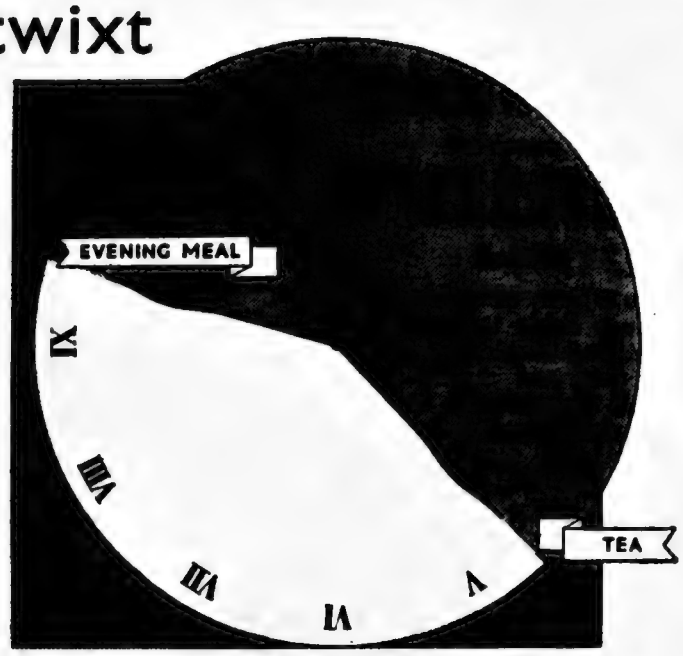
Too big a gap 'twixt

tea and the evening meal



Eat more often

'Five times a day'

. . . SAY THE DOCTORS

Yes, that's all very well. We *know* now that the 3-solid-meals-a-day custom hasn't a leg left to stand on. The doctors have convinced us that *more frequent meals and not so much food at any of them* is a better rule of life, making for greater physical and mental efficiency. But how can we manage this without upsetting our work?

There's an easy way of filling the foodless gaps without any upset. A packet of Cadburys Milk Chocolate in handbag or pocket solves all the awkward problems of those extra meals. You can eat it anywhere. And it is first-class nourishment. As your doctor would express it, 'it fits satisfactorily into the scheme of a well-balanced diet'; for in addition to good chocolate (one of the most valuable energy-foods) it contains all the goodness of pure, rich British milk—a glass and a half goes into each half-pound block.

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2OZ 2D

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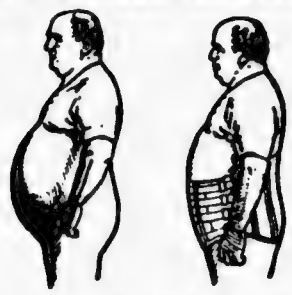

Note improved appearance of stout man after putting on a Spencer Belt.

The Spencer Belt is individually designed to meet the needs of the man who is to wear it.

Note from the illustration how broad the back is giving the maximum of comfort and support. A common defect in belts for men is that the back is so narrow that it causes a strain on the back muscles, increasing discomfort instead of giving relief.

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(For External Piles use Germolene brand Ointment in addition.)

The sun's good for them now – but will the habit cling as they grow up?

A JOHN BULL INVESTIGATOR DISCOVERS

Where Nudists Go In Winter Time

ONE of the most surprising developments of recent years is the growth of nudism. Societies and clubs formed as long as seven or eight years ago are going on steadily increasing their membership, until in some cases they amount to thousands.

Estimates as to the number of "practising nudists" in Britain vary between 50,000 and 100,000, for the exact total is difficult to assess.

There are many people who visit the various private parks and houses without actually being placed upon the list of members; while others, having discovered that the practice appeals to them for various reasons, form their own circles of friends and acquaintances for the purpose of sun-bathing

Whether this is an entirely healthy and desirable form of activity is not the object of this article to debate. There always have been, and probably always will be, many bitter opponents of the movement who are prepared to advance reasons why it should be suppressed.

On the other hand, there is a very considerable literature on the subject, contributed by medical and psychological authorities; and the membership of the societies is strengthened by the names of professional men and women of undoubted respectability.

How are these societies for "social nudity" conducted?

What are the conditions of membership?

How do the members behave?

These are the questions I am able to answer, after a very thorough investigation.

There are more than a dozen open-air nudist clubs in Greater London, and in each case they have acquired a piece of land of a few acres in some secluded spot. This land is generally surrounded by a high fence, and the entrance gate is invariably carefully guarded.

NEWCOMERS must be introduced by a member who is prepared to vouch for them, and generally a married man must be accompanied by his wife. Everything possible is done to encourage the enrolment of whole families, and *it costs no more for a man to take his wife and children than for him to go alone.*

Within the confines of the grounds everyone goes completely naked. There is generally a clubroom of some kind, as at a tennis club, and a small swimming pool with adjoining shower baths. Open spaces are used for the members to take classes in Swedish drill and other exercises, and various games, such as tennis and badminton are popular

During the summer months many enthusiasts camp every week-end, sleeping in bungalows or tents, and rising with the dawn to swim before breakfast. The general impression is of extremely intelligent, pleasant people who at least have the courage of their convictions. By autumn most of the members are tanned to mahogany colour and the nudist colony looks more than anything like a native village

The reluctance of many to forgo their week-end nakedness has led to the growth of separate *indoor* clubs for the winter months. There members may spend an hour or two in the evening, or take up residence at week-ends.

A typical club is conducted in the following manner. I deliberately avoid any comment.

You are met at the door and, provided your introduction is in order, led to an undressing room. There you are left to disrobe, and then introduced into a large, brightly lit room, where anything from a dozen to a hundred people of both sexes and all ages will be seated in conversation.

Cast your eye around the various groups and you will find some interesting subjects.

An old gentleman with a beard talks earnestly to a youth of eighteen or so. A long argument is going on between half a dozen middle-aged men and women. Before the fire are two children, a boy and a girl, of about ten, seated on little stools playing draughts!

A YOUNG woman, entirely alone, is engrossed in a book on architecture. A young man is restringing a tennis racket, another sketching the people around. All of these are quite naked, and seemingly unselfconscious.

In an adjoining room you find rhythmic dancing in progress to the music of a gramophone, much amplified. Next door there is a "gym" class, and in the room beyond two youths are boxing under the eye of an instructor.

On another floor you will find games of billiards and table tennis going on, and even a laughing crowd at a cafeteria.

Here is a typical scene. In a little room, two middle-aged men are seated face to face, absorbed in a game of chess. One is smoking a pipe.

The door opens and a slight young woman walks quite naturally into the room. "Excuse me," she says, as she takes a book from a chair.

"Close the door, my dear," says one of the players, without looking up, and the game goes quietly on.

Invariably the indoor nudist clubs have a room devoted to artificial sunlight installations, and for a few pence the members may have a "sunbath." The demand for this is such that a waiting list is prepared each evening, and members are called when the places are available.

Often a doctor or trained nurse is present to attend to the ultra-violet and infra-red apparatus.

I had a long conversation in one club with a youngish man, who related the experiences in similar clubs all over Europe and America. He was clearly an enthusiast.

"I am bringing up my son and daughter to nudism, with the approval of my wife," he added

I caught a glimpse of him as he left an hour later. He wore a clergyman's "dog collar."

Among the men I have met in nudist clubs are doctors literally by the dozen —Harley Street specialists in several cases—schoolmasters, civil servants, and even B.B.C. officials! ("Only don't tell anyone, will you?")

MANY of the young women who attend regularly are typists, nurses and workers in fashion houses. "We have such long, monotonous hours that this is a tremendous relief."

In a number of instances romances have developed between the younger people. One club has a record of three marriages this season

Well, there are the facts. I believe that the leaders of these organisations are in the main very intelligent and respectable. That there are pitfalls in the practice of indoor nudism is self-evident, but the organisers seem alive to eventualities.

One piece of evidence I have left to the end. It is trifling, but significant.

I have never heard a single reference to sex in an unseemly manner, within a nudist club. Nor have I known a single instance of the *risqué* story.

Greatest of These

Hearts to Gladden

William

WILLIAM'S mother died from tuberculosis in June, 1935 His dad has since fathered and mothered the three children, two boys, aged twelve and eleven, and a girl of nine.

The headmaster of the school the boys attend says: "The children are regular and punctual in their attendance, and under the circumstances particularly clean and cared for."

"Under the circumstances" means 30s. a week. "My long period of unemployment," says William's dad, "allied with bad health since January, 1928, has been a grim ordeal.

"We have only one bed, and all sleep in it, two boys at the foot, the girl and I at the top. I cannot get another bed or clothes. My dole is gone before I look round. The children ask a lot of questions about Christmas How can their wishes be granted? Relieve me a little, and I'll tidy them up. That will gladden their hearts."

Your answer to this should be earmarked "William" (or for the General Fund) and addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

We thank "Unknown" for £1 "In Remembrance."

RHEUMATIC PAINS WENT IN 2 DAYS

From Hove in Sussex there comes a story that will cheer every rheumatic sufferer in the country. Mrs. A. Salt had been in the grip of rheumatism for years. She spent large sums of money vainly in an effort to stop the pain and misery. Then she bought a tin of Fynnon Salt. Now let her own words tell you the result.

"I have been taking your Fynnon Salt and have not quite finished the tin. I had pains in my hip and have spent hundreds of pounds at Spas and Doctors and have not received any good. After two days the bad pain stopped and I can walk again."

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£50 IN PRIZES for a last line

(Write a fourth line for this rhyme in the space above and win a big money prize)

Again this week 1st, 2nd and 3rd prizes of £25, £10 and £5 and 20 prizes of 10/- each, in another Zubes rhyming competition. Write a bright last line for the fourth picture. Then send it, together with your name and address and the wax paper disc from a tin of Zubes (or one of the bags in which Zubes are sold loose) to Dept. 6a, ZUBES RHYMES, Sunnydale, Derby. Perhaps your line will please the judges most. Remember—their decision is final. The competition closes on December 5th. Names and addresses of winners will be published in "The Leader" Dec. 22 or can be obtained by sending a stamped, addressed envelope to the address above. Watch for the 7th of these competitions in this paper next week. Countless thousands of people suck Zubes every day. Zubes are a sure cure for huskiness, and on damp or foggy days, make you glow with comfort and confidence.

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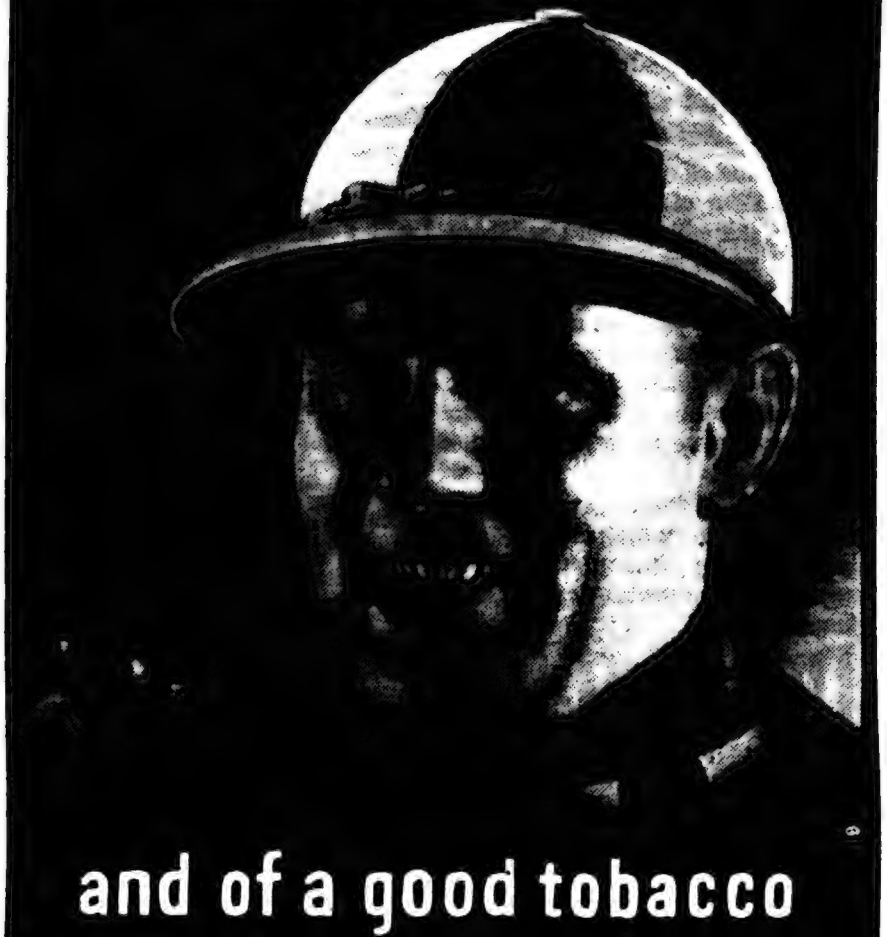
ZUBES

Zubes are best for throat and chest

This list of rhymes may help you find a winning line

Here are some of the every day words which rhyme with "thing":—Ring, sing, swing, cling, king, fling, ding, ping, ting, bring, spring, string, wing, wring, sting, sling—also the hundreds of words with the ending "ing"—playing, crying, dancing, prancing, hitting, saying, bowling, eating, flying, writing, singing, shouting, etc., etc.

COOLNESS
the secret of leading in the winner...



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A common cause of restlessness in children is constipation. When a child's bowels are full of poisonous fermenting waste-matter natural rest is impossible.

The safest way to give your child a thorough internal cleansing is 'California Syrup of Figs,' which is a pure fruit laxative. It sets up a natural movement that carries away all the clogging, hard waste-matter and leaves the little inside sweetened and clean. Once a child has got rid of all that disagreeable sour matter that has been upsetting him he sleeps soundly and wakes up the picture of brightness.

Ask yourself if your child is hampered by poison spreading from unhealthy, clogged bowels? A spoonful of 'California Syrup of Figs' will make him sweet tempered and happy in a very few hours.

Remember—a child should never miss a day, and to ensure this regularity many mothers find there is nothing better than a regular weekly dose of 'California Syrup of Figs,' which is recommended by doctors and nurses. Get a bottle of this safe laxative to-day, but be sure to ask for 'California Syrup of Figs' brand. Of all chemists 1/3 and 2/6 with full directions. The larger size is the cheaper in the long run.

A Super Bargain For HOUSEWIVES!

SEND FOR FREE ILLUSTR. BOOKLET

Turn to p. 27 and fill in the coupon for Booklet illustrating the Hoover Models.

Say good-bye to the drudgery of hands and knees behind a dustpan and brush. Abolish the old-fashioned methods of carpet sweeper and replace with an effortless, thorough cleaning Hoover which can now be secured for only a few shillings down and small monthly payments. It will make a lovely Xmas Gift!

Get full particulars of this wonderful model by filling in the coupon, or write, mentioning "John Bull," to Hoover, Ltd., (Dept. 23), Perivale Greenford, Middlesex.

★HUMAN DOCUMENTS——BY PHILIP INMAN★

PARSON With A PAST

A CLERGYMAN sends me this letter:

I am in Holy Orders, having been ordained three years ago, and for the last seven months I have been the curate of the parish church in this town. I am intensely happy in my work and without egotism can claim to be performing a useful service.

As an instance of this I would mention that I conduct a class for young men which has increased from fifty to ninety members in the short time I have been here. I say I am intensely happy in my work. That needs a little qualification. I should be happy if it were not for one chapter from my past life.

Six years ago I rather foolishly became engaged, and I am ashamed to say that on one occasion I committed misconduct with this girl. Shortly afterwards the engagement was broken off by mutual consent and I hoped and prayed that this wretched incident would be forgotten. A few weeks ago, however, I had a letter from the girl, in which she told me that she was now married and that unfortunately her husband had discovered some letters which I had written to her and which spoke of our guilty association.

He had flown into a terrible temper and says that he will hound me from the Church and that to obtain this end he intends to see my Bishop and lay the facts before him.

I am living in daily dread that he will carry out his threat and that I shall have to resign the work which I dearly love and to which I have consecrated my life. In my dilemma I am writing to ask your advice, as I have always been impressed by the sincere way you deal with the complex problems of life.

◇ ◇ ◇

Now let us look at this letter calmly and dispassionately. There is not one person in the world who has not done something in his life which he regrets. Otherwise there would be no meaning in that passage which this parson repeats every Sunday: "We have done those things which we ought not to have done."

Then this act of his was committed three years before he was ordained. It happened, therefore, before he took Holy Orders. We expect a high standard from ministers of the Church. And rightly so. My sympathy for this man would have been less if his misconduct had occurred since he entered the ministry.

What should be his attitude now? He has made his peace with God. He must now do so with man. He is never likely to know peace of mind until the sting of that threat is removed. The only way that can be done is to see his bishop and tell him the whole story.

"I would give my all to blot out this one sin," writes a tormented clergyman

In view of the points I have named I cannot think that he would take the drastic action of excommunicating him. "I have sinned," said the Prodigal in the familiar story. And by that confession he found forgiveness. I hope and believe that will be the lot of my correspondent and that he will be allowed to continue his life's work.

Two other letters from my readers show how the past permeates the present. The first one comes from a married woman, who says:

When I was a young girl I kept company with a man much older than myself. His parents went away for a holiday and he asked me to live with him. I did so for one week and fortunately nothing further than losing my good name resulted from this mad impulse.

As no one knew, I went away and kept my secret, loathing both what had happened and the man. Two years later I married another man, who has been an ideal husband and wonderful father to our four children. We have been very happy for fourteen years, but now this happiness looks like being shattered through meeting again the man of my past.

He is still unmarried and threatens to expose our secret to people in the village. Should my husband find this out I am quite certain things will never be the same again.

◇ ◇ ◇

"He threatens to expose our secret," says this woman. Why has he not done so already? Is he trying to extract something from my correspondent in return for his silence? If so, it is dangerously near blackmail.

If that is the case, I urge this woman to consult a solicitor. He would be able to write a letter that would put an end to threats of this kind. If, however, this man's object is merely to cause mischief, then he should be told to get on with it. I can't see him doing it, for it would react more upon him than upon my correspondent.

She was only a young girl at the time, while he was much older and should have had more decency than to have induced her to go to his parents' home while they were on holiday.

If the unexpected should happen and my correspondent hears that the man is spreading the story in the village, then the only course is to tell her husband. After all, it happened before her marriage, and although her husband may feel hurt that she has not disclosed it before, he must remember the many happy years they have spent together and come to her help now she needs him.

Another correspondent says:

Twenty-five years ago I met a young lady in rather romantic circumstances—rescuing her from the unwelcome attentions of an intoxicated stranger. We met subsequently, but when eventually I proposed marriage she confessed that she was already married, though she had left her husband shortly after their wedding on account of his cruelty.

Since then she had been living with friends of her late father, with whom she was not happy. I persuaded her to come with me to a distant town, where I had secured another post and where she passed as my wife.

◇ ◇ ◇

A baby girl was born, and when the war came and I joined up my "wife" and baby returned to her former friends. Then, after the war, her husband divorced her and we married, and while on our honeymoon her friends removed quietly, taking our child with them, and we lost trace of them.

We had another baby girl five years ago, but shortly afterwards my wife died, and now I am a widower, a helpless cripple, in ill-health, with a little daughter to look after.

I have just learnt the address of my first daughter and am wondering if I should write and ask her help in rearing her little sister. She does not know of her mother's death, of my unhappy plight, nor of the existence of her sister.

This is a very difficult problem to solve. After giving it careful consideration, I suggest that my correspondent should write to his elder daughter, telling her exactly what he has told me. If she chooses to stay where she is, he can't altogether blame her. She has been brought up from a little baby by others and she probably regards them as her real parents.

She may feel, however, that "blood is thicker than water" and that in her father's time of need she ought to go to his assistance. But the decision is one for herself—and herself alone.

Send your private problem to "Humanist," at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing stamped envelope. Letters sent to Mr. Inman at any other address cannot be dealt with. £1 1s. will be paid for each letter quoted.

Race with "Silver Ring"

Mudlark Winner

A GOOD mudlark will capture the Manchester November Handicap. Free Fare, last year's winner, is the race specialist. It will be remembered that he swerved away his chance when placed in 1933 and 1934. The game old horse is fit, but following Cross Wind's victory in the mud at Liverpool, I intend to take a chance with Mr. Rank's representative.

His victory at Aintree was over hurdles, but he carried 11 st. 10 lb., and the time of the race, considering the going, was good.

With Sirett, at 7 st. 7 lb., on his back at Manchester, he should give a good account of himself.

Boston West may take the Farewell Handicap and Pegomas the Final Plate.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, November 26, to Wednesday, December 2.

X Z Q C 93 B 94 M S R P O 98 T F U
97 L H J I 95 E D K V W A N 96 G Y

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

K96VOW9496A would read STRAPETO.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. WVA2G would read PROOF.

Painfully Thin and Pale

"I really thought I was going to lose her," states Mrs. Buckle, of 16, Hipkins Street, Bloomfield, Tipton, Staffs, speaking of her young daughter. "She seemed to lose all her strength, and began to have fainting fits. She could not eat and became painfully thin and pale. She was highly nervous and could not sleep all night. The doctor said she was anæmic, but despite every care she made no progress.

"Then I heard about Dr. Williams pink pills and decided to give them a trial. My daughter soon began to eat better and had more energy. The colour returned to her cheeks and she was able to sleep well. The fainting fits ceased and she started to put on weight. Now she is a bonny girl, and everyone remarks on the change in her."

The reason for the remarkable success of Dr. Williams brand pink pills in the treatment of anæmia is quite simple. It is this: these pills create new, rich blood in abundance, and new blood is the only thing that can possibly banish anæmia. Try these pills now; 1s.3d. a box (triple size 3s.)—but ask for Dr. Williams.

A MAN'S man?

or an IRON-STARVED weakling?

Which will YOU be?

Two men—one strong, the other weak. One vigorous with lusty manhood; the other feeble in appearance, constitution and purpose.

Ill-health does not exist for the first man. The second is always ailing. His digestion is poor, his nerves are jumpy. Worry quickly pulls him down. He lacks energy, driving force.

Why? Because he is IRON-STARVED. No wonder he lacks vitality and stamina.

Be like the man who *is* a man! He knows that without IRON no one can be healthy and strong. So he guards against IRON STARVATION by taking IRON 'JELLOIDS' No. 2A.

IRON 'JELLOIDS' No. 2A soon lay the foundation of an Iron Constitution, a sound Digestion, Steady Nerves, and Vigorous, Vibrant Vitality. After two or three 3/- boxes you will be full of life! Full of energy! Weakness and ill-health will disappear. Your work will be easier, you will enjoy your food. Friends will congratulate you on your new health and virility. You will be a *Man's* Man!

IRON 'JELLOIDS' are sold by all chemists in handy boxes to fit your pocket, and should be taken regularly with every meal. Get a 3/- box to-day.

Iron Jelloids

No. 2A

make WEAK men STRONG and STRONG men STRONGER

by correcting the Iron Starvation which causes

Weakness	Breathlessness	Poor Appetite	Paleness
Exhausted Nerves	Faintness	Weak Digestion	Sallowness
Lack of Energy	Palpitation	Constipation	Failing Hair
Tiredness	Heart Pains	Headaches	Brittle Nails
Liability to Colds	Numbness	Sore Tongue	Skin Blemishes

Of all Chemists: 3/- (36 days' treatment) 1/3 (10 days' treatment)

For WOMEN: Iron 'Jelloids' No. 2. For CHILDREN: Iron 'Jelloids' No. 1.

The word 'Jelloids' is registered. No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture

Shaving every day is quick, easy and comfortable with an Easy Shaving Stick. Economical, too—for Lever's Easy costs a mere sixpence, yet gives a hundred perfect shaves. Its creamy lasting lather tones up the face and leaves it feeling fine. See that an Easy Shaving Stick is on the next shopping list.

LEVER'S **Easy** SHAVING STICK

A *LEVER* PRODUCT

E 256-172-58

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee:—

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

Make them all with a

HOBBIES FRETWORK SET

A splendid hobby from a splendid set of tools. Make furniture, doll's houses, models, ukuleles, etc., half shop price. Patterns, wood and materials supplied. You can start with any set.

FROM 1/6 TO 20/-

Write for free booklet and specimen Hobbies to address below. From leading toyshops, ironmongers, bazaars, etc. Hobbies own branches or Hobbies, Ltd., Dept. 45, Dereham, Norfolk.

Trust Snowfire Tablet

to banish ugly roughness & painful cracks

3d. Family Size 7½d.

Soft Snowfire in Tins 3d.

ASTHMA INSTANTLY RELIEVED!

How often have you said you would pay "any price" to be free from Asthma? You can be free—for one shilling! A single packet of Do-Do (Brand) Asthma Tablets will prove to you that here is instant relief and lasting freedom from those agonising attacks.

Mr. G. T. (Fowey) writes, on August 24th, 1936: "*I am a great sufferer from Asthma, and I have never had anything to give me the relief your Do-Do Tablets provide . . . I could not have followed my employment last winter if I had not used your tablets.*"

Do-Do (Brand) Asthma Tablets have benefited tens of thousands, and succeeded in giving relief where all other measures have failed, because they contain active and potent medicaments found in no other single asthma remedy—powder, tablet or liquid—at any price. Your doctor knows; ask him. A single Do-Do Tablet has the power to stop a violent choking spasm in 30 seconds, and to cut short a really bad attack in 15 to 30 minutes. The first packet will prove it—get one to-day!

Note the name—DO-DO. Of Chemists everywhere, 1/- and 3/- (four times the quantity).

ONE Do-Do a day Keeps ASTHMA at bay

"Nearly Lost my job"

AS SOON AS weak kidneys cause backache, urinary disorders, disturbed sleep, nerve pains, painful muscles and joints or swollen limbs, strengthen the kidney filters with Doans Backache Kidney Pills. Don't wait until the system becomes so poisoned that you are unfit for work and are afraid of the sack. Follow the advice of grateful users who say "I wish I had used Doans Pills earlier."

Retired Schoolmaster Writes

"Radfall Court, Whitstable."

"Once more on my 82nd birthday, I wish you every prosperity. I must sincerely thank you for keeping me so fit for the past 40 years. My friends say on seeing me, 'Good old Doans,' and I am proud of it. (*Signed*) J. D. Griffiths."

A Nurse's Testimony

"5, Vivian Crescent, Chester le Street."

"I tell all my patients about Doans Pills. Years ago my kidney system was out of order; Doans Pills put my back right, removed the headaches and giddiness and brightened me up in every way. (*Signed*) A. M. Kirby."

Get rid of Kidney Troubles, Backache, Stiff, Swollen Joints, Urinary Troubles, Disturbed Rest.

Ask your Chemist for

1/3 3/- 5/-

DOANS Backache Kidney Pills

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COMPLETE SERVICE
Racing · Football · Greyhounds

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Fixed Price Football
Six Leagues Nothing Barred
40 YEARS REPUTATION
WINNINGS by RETURN

LETTER COMMISSIONS
bearing a time stamp not later than the set time of any race will be on at
FULL STARTING PRICE
or Totalisator Returns as desired
in accordance with rules
Registered Letters must be posted overnight.

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Please send me particulars of your service.
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Send for our Weekly Lists

IN the title of this article there is an arithmetic you never learned at school. But in it there is the story of Woolworth's—a twentieth-century business epic built on "vulgar fractions." . . .

Twenty-seven years ago a group of small men opened a store in Church Street, Liverpool. One had been a railway shunter; another a council schoolteacher, yet another a farmer's son. The slogan blazoned over the windows of this new venture was "Nothing Over Sixpence."

That Liverpool shop is still called No. 1 in the Woolworth list of stores, but to-day it has 676 offsprings in most towns, large and small, from John o' Groat's to Land's End.

The founders and executive staff at Church Street, who began by doing all the work of the store themselves—even to sweeping the floors and hauling cases about in the stockroom when the doors closed at night—now ride about in Rolls-Royces. The present chairman of Woolwort's, Mr. W. L. Stephenson, a buyer in the first store, runs one of the finest yachts in the world—the stainless steel built *Valsheda*—as a pastime.

And all out of selling "nothing over sixpence."

They began with £50,000 capital raised with the backing of the American Woolworth company which sponsored this British venture. Within three years that capital had grown to £100,000, and they had ceased to rely on America for financial support or ideas. By that time too, the No. 1 store had expanded itself into a score of branches.

To-day the present market value of the Woolworth capital is £121,875,000. Profits last year were £6,541,663. Recently the company announced a 100 per cent. bonus to all shareholders—one new share for each they hold.

£ £ £ £

This distribution means that if you had bought only five shillingsworth of the ordinary shares in that first "3d. and 6d. store" and locked them away, they would to-day be worth over £64,000, and you would be drawing more than £2,000 a year in dividends.

Thus far the progress of Woolworth's is the greatest "success story" in the history of British enterprise. How has it been done? The Editor of JOHN BULL sent me to see Mr. W. L. Stephenson to find out.

The firm runs its "nothing over sixpence" enterprise from offices in Bond Street, set down among the most expensive shops in the world. Presumably so that Woolworth's merchandisers—the experts who decide what is to be sold in their stores—can on their way to and from the offices see plenty of goods displayed in those luxurious windows on which to whet their genius for cheap adaptation.

For what rich women buy to-day it is their aim to provide to-morrow for the mill girl and typist—in sound and colourable imitation, and for pence instead of guineas.

Up in his panelled private office, just off the main reception hall where manufacturers' representatives from all over Britain sit awaiting their turns before Woolworth's buyers, Mr. Stephenson told me some of the secrets behind that "success story."

I saw him on the day when Woolworth's had made its 100 per cent. bonus statement, when stockbrokers all over the City of London were alternately swooning and licking pencils in feverish calculations about the dream profits which *might* have been made out of Woolworth's. But there was nothing complacent about fifty-five-year-old Mr. Stephenson.

"Honestly," he said, "sometimes I don't know, none of us who are in executive control of Woolworth's know, how it has been done . . . can give you any easy chapter and verse answer for the success of the firm.

"Perhaps there is the usual explanation," he added after a pause. "We have built up something that we are proud of and like doing. . . . Look at me. I retired last June, and here I am back at this desk. And I've lost the good fat salary I had as managing director.

"If you come down to brass tacks about our success, I'd put it down to the fact that we are among the most democratic of all businesses. All of us at the top have come up from the bottom.

"I started work at thirteen at five shillings a week, and most of us have had no more schooling than I had.

"So far as customers are concerned, we will not sell any goods which we do not believe have merit. To reach our counters they must pass through 'gate' after 'gate' of buying and merchandising experts.

"So far as the producers—the manufacturers—are concerned, we have one fixed rule. *Everybody must be seen with what he has got to offer.*

"And when we buy a line, we follow it through. We have production experts who want to meet the manufacturer, to see his factory, to meet his managers and foremen. It is our business to keep a producer going—and good business."

He told me how these technical experts have gone to factories and sometimes made suggestions whereby not only the output is increased but the article is sold to the public eventually at less than it was first offered to Woolworth's.

The merchandising experts, who are part of the machine, watch every kind of article on the market and study present and future public trends in buying.

They buy expensive and exclusive articles, take them to pieces, analyse, try to find out how to make a reliable imitation which can be retailed at 6d.

£ £ £ £

"Take organdie frilling, for instance, to name one out of hundreds of lines where this has happened. Chanel, the great Paris dress designer, first produced it some years back. Then all the expensive Mayfair fashion houses copied it. Working girls saw it on the films and in illustrated papers. They could not afford to buy it.

"Our merchandisers bought hundreds of yards of different sorts of organdie frilling and tore it to pieces. Then they sent for some of our manufacturers and made suggestions.

"In a few months we started accepting deliveries of organdie frilling—turned out by the thousand yards—for *every* woman to buy.

"Once the working man went to a weekly barber, and cosmetics of every description were used only by the wealthy or the middle-class. We had them produced cheaply. And now it is not the man about town who consumes the tons of shaving soap, but the working man; nor milady who uses the scores of tons of lipstick, nail polish and bath salts now produced, but the girl in the biscuit factory and her working sisters."

And what do the 30,000 girls working behind Woolworth counters get out of it all?

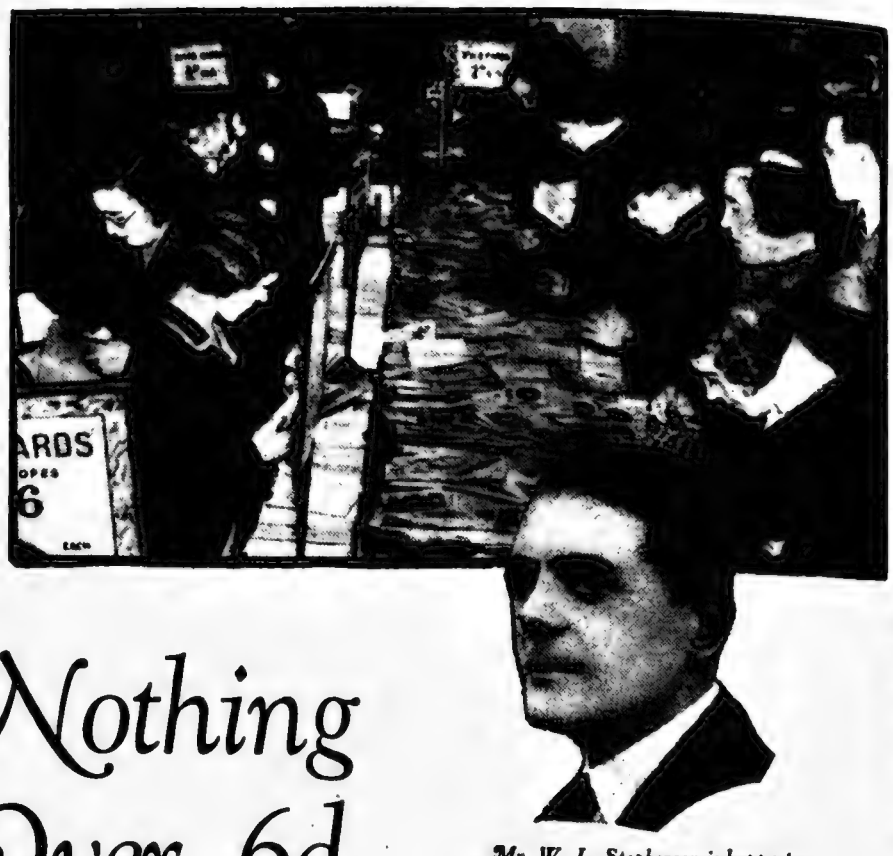
On the average they earn 30s. a week. Sixteen-year-olds start at a minimum of £1 a week. After long service some may earn up to £4 a week.

At Christmas each girl receives a bonus of £1 for each year of service with the firm. All girls leaving to marry receive a wedding present of £5.

Not bad—as things go. But wouldn't it have been better for business to have used some of that £6,541,663 to raise employees' wages all round?

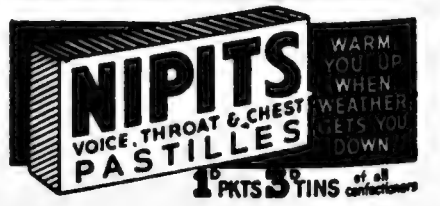
That would have increased their purchasing power, would have brought even more sixpences into Woolworth tills—and other tills—next year. It would have helped us on to general prosperity more quickly than by sleeping in shareholders' bank-balances.

And, think of the example Woolworth's would set to other firms. . . . Still more sixpences, perhaps? C. O.



Nothing Over 6d = £121,875,000

Mr. W. L. Stephenson is happy to think we are all buying Christmas cards in his 676 shops.



BABY'S MYSTERIOUS WEAKNESS

Worried Mother's Letter

"IT breaks my heart," writes a Ruislip mother, "to see how thin and pale my baby is beside my brother's plump, rosy-cheeked child. My sister-in-law gives her baby Scotts Brand Emulsion, but I give my baby a cod liver oil preparation, too. What can be wrong?"

Nine out of ten mothers who have chesty or peaky-looking children give them some form of cod liver oil. They know that cod liver oil is the greatest body-builder a child can have. Yet thousands of these mothers find that their children get no better.

Why? Because *cod liver oil should be made digestible* so that children's delicate stomachs can get all the goodness out of it. If it upsets your child's stomach or passes through undigested, you are wasting your money. And that's what may happen with plain oils and most cod liver oil mixtures.

A Wonderful Discovery

But the one form of cod liver oil that every young stomach can digest easily is Scotts Brand Emulsion. See what an eminent Research Body has discovered:—

"Only when cod liver oil is given in the white creamy form of Scotts Brand Emulsion can children wholly digest the oil and so get all the body-building goodness they need."

In fact, Scotts Brand Emulsion is even more digestible than the meals you give your child. Thirty minutes after he has taken a spoonful of it, every drop has gone to strengthen his whole body, and particularly his chest and lungs.

The "Big Four" for Fitness

Scotts Brand Emulsion does all this by giving your child four vital body-building elements—finest cod liver oil in perfectly digestible form, to make firm flesh; hypophosphites of essential mineral salts, to make bone; vitamin A, to prevent colds and other winter illness; vitamin D, to supply the same tonic properties as summer sunshine.

But remember! Your child can only get this goodness from a cod liver oil tonic if he can digest it. He can digest it properly only if it is Scotts Brand Emulsion.

Amazing change in a child

Within a few weeks you will see a remarkable difference in your child. His cheeks will begin to fill out. His appetite will improve. His body will grow firm and strong. He will go through the winter free from colds and other illnesses, just like the little Brixton boy whose mother writes this letter:—

"My baby used to be so frail, and caught cold at every change in the weather. But I bless the day my neighbour recommended Scotts Brand Emulsion. Baby began to pick up within a fortnight and now he's the bonniest child in our street."

Put *your* child on Scotts Brand Emulsion from to-day!

10 minutes to wait—*so*

Mine's a Minor!

De Reszke MINORS

'THE TEN-MINUTE SMOKE FOR INTELLIGENT FOLK'

In tins **30** *for* **1/-** ★ **60** *for* **2/-** *In boxes* **15** *for* **6D** ★ **30** *for* **1/-**

Issued by Godfrey Phillips Ltd.

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value

A GRAVES RADIO SET WILL MAKE YOUR XMAS REALLY HAPPY

Give yourself a treat and install a Graves Set NOW, so as to be certain of hearing and enjoying the wonderful programmes which are to be broadcast during the festive season.

THE GRAVES S3 BATTERY RADIO SET

5/- Monthly

is the most economical 3-Valve Battery Receiver ever produced. Its running costs have been brought down to an absolute minimum, without in any way interfering with its efficiency, and it can be relied upon to give an unvaryingly good performance at all times. For no more than 5/- per month (which is 2d. a day) you can become the owner of this self-contained, trouble-free Wireless Set.

MANY NEW IDEAS are incorporated in this marvellously inexpensive Radio Receiver, including **Radio Frequency Coils fitted with Iron Cores,** thus ensuring high selectivity. The Loud Speaker is of the **Permanent Magnet Moving Coil Type,** and uses a magnet made up of Nital Steel. **British Valves** are used & adequate strength & volume are maintained with most economical battery consumption.

FULL VISION Tuning Dial with clear Wavelength scale. **Handsome Cabinet** of neat design, Size: 16¾ x 10 x 9¾in. in two shades of Walnut. All Accessories including 120 volt H.T. Battery, Grid Bias Battery, 2 volt Accumulator, Aerial (inside or outside, as desired) and Earth equipment. Nothing else to buy. Price **£4 : 17 : 6**

Terms: 5/- Monthly.

IT IS HIGHLY IMPORTANT YOU SHOULD UNDERSTAND THAT NOTHING IS ADDED FOR THE CONVENIENCE OF EASY PAYMENTS. THE PRICE QUOTED IS ALL YOU HAVE TO PAY.

Mr. A. W. of Coleshill, writes:—"Prior to sending my order I had 3 demonstrations at home of well known makes, none of which equalled in tone, clarity of reception or selectivity, the Set I have received from you which is quite equal to any all-electric at three times the price.

Mr. S. S. of Miles Platting, writes:—"We have received our S-3 Set and are very well pleased with it. There is nothing like it on the market to-day. We are using the Aerial and Earth we had for our set ten years ago. We still have that Set, & do not like parting with it.'

Mr. G. N. of Essington, writes:—"I received the S-3 Wireless Set quite safe. I switched on, and what a shout of amazement went up from the family! It is simply wonderful. It is so clear & so sweet, and a very nice piece of furniture. My friends are delighted with it.'

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE of this and other Sets for Batteries or Mains, including Super Hets, &c.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

"Ooh! Mummy, I'm stinging again!"

DO YOU KNOW that every time baby's thighs get moist they sting? That's often why he cries. He needs protection from stinging. If you want him to be happier and always free from stinging, you should smooth on "Vaseline" Jelly *at least* twice a day. Doctors say that "Vaseline" Jelly completely protects baby's thighs against moisture.

Well-known Maternity Homes use "Vaseline" Jelly

Nurse SPENCER, trained at a well-known maternity home, says: "I know from experience that when baby's thighs become moist, they always sting—even though there is no actual chafing. I've told many mothers that the only way to prevent stinging is to place a protective layer over the tender skin. We nurses find that 'Vaseline' Jelly gives the best protection of all. That's why you'll always see us using it every time we change a baby. 'Vaseline' Jelly soon smoothes away soreness—even when chafing has already begun. And a little rubbed into baby's scalp at night guards against scurf."

JARS: 4½d., 6d., 9d. ALSO IN TUBES

Chesebrough Mfg. Co. Cons'd. Victoria Road, London, N.W.10.

Vaseline TRADE MARK

Petroleum Jelly

1049

RHEUMATISM

NEEDLESS SUFFERING

"Urace brand tablets have relieved my rheumatism more than anything I have tried."—Nurse ....., Chesterfield Free sample from Newbery & Phillips, Ltd., 33m, Banner Street, London, E.C.1 From your chemist, 2/3 and 3/-.

Get a Copy of this

FREE BOOK

THE Drage Christmas Number is not only an interesting magazine, but also a wonderful guide to Home Happiness. A copy is waiting to be sent to you—it's Free! All you have to do is simply to fill in the Coupon on p. 14! Post it NOW!

THE LOGICAL TREATMENT OF RHEUMATISM

Many persons taking 'Milk of Magnesia' for acid stomach find, to their joy, that the rheumatism from which they suffered has also disappeared. This is explained by the fact that most rheumatic afflictions are caused by excess uric acid, which is neutralized by the antacid action of 'Milk of Magnesia.'

If you are racked with pain and crippled by rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica, neuritis or gout, it is due to excess uric acid in your system. Correct this by taking 'Milk of Magnesia' daily. It is the ideal antacid for regular use. It will alkalize and sweeten your system. It will rid you of harmful uric acid and, by thus removing the cause of the pain, will quickly relieve your aching muscles and joints.

Of all chemists. Prices: 1/3 and 2/6. The large size contains three times the quantity of the small. Be careful to ask for 'Milk of Magnesia,' which is the registered trade-mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia, prescribed and recommended by physicians for correcting excess acids. Now also in tablet form 'MILK OF MAGNESIA' brand TABLETS 1/- per box and in bottles 2/- and 3/6 for family use. Each tablet is the equivalent of a teaspoonful of the liquid preparation.

FOG gets into your throat. Put your voice right with VICK BRAND LOZENGES 6d

TASTE GOOD — DO GOOD

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

without Calomel — and you'll jump out of bed in the morning full of vim and vigour

The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile into your system daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays inside you. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk, and the world looks punk.

Laxatives help a little, but a mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carters Brand Little Liver Pills to get these two pints of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3d. and 3/-.

Operation ordered at once for PILES • but NEMOLIN saved him!

IF you suffer from piles, you'll readily understand the predicament of this London man. Tortured with itching, bleeding piles, he was finally told that only the surgeon's knife could cure him. "Two years ago", writes his son, "my father was ordered to hospital for immediate operation for piles. He did not agree, and decided to try 'Nemolin' Ointment, with the result that he improved wonderfully, and avoided the operation. 'Nemolin' in his case was almost miraculous". (W. F. C., London).

Why run the risk of the knife when there's such a safe and sure remedy available? All chemists sell 'Nemolin' Ointment at 3/- a tube—relief is guaranteed or your money promptly refunded.

THE EDITOR LAUGHS LAST

Jeweller (Manchester). — "I think every person's ears should be pierced." Why be so cruel?

"Look, dear, you've forgotten the cartridges."
—(From "The Passing Show")

NATURALIST (Leeds). — "The python is no gentleman." The kangaroo, too, is a bit of a bounder.

S. R. (Nuneaton).—"There is no snobbery in billiards." Yet lots of players put on side.

B. M. (Goole).—"I kept a silent watch by his bedside." For fear the ticking might awake him?

AUTHOR (Baldock).—"I have named my first play 'The Chained Bucket.'" It should go down well.

S. F. (Peplow).—"My doctor told me that a heavy cold makes a person bad-tempered." He certainly barks a lot.

HISTRIONIC (London, W.).—"I ask you, what could be a greater worry to a theatre manager than a play that doesn't go?" An audience that does.

M. T. (Ealing).—"I manufacture wooden hoops for children, but am losing money every week." So it doesn't even pay to make ends meet nowadays?

EXPLORER (Boston).—"I once discovered a South American who conversed by means of grunts." Like the people in England at breakfast-time.

J. F. C. (Hull).—"Missing a post may cause a man to miss the goal he is aiming for." Or hitting the post if the man happens to be playing centre-forward.

G. S. (Polperro).—"I was five miles out in my boat when the motor broke down, and I couldn't find out why." You were all at sea, then.

NEWLY-WED (Hastings).—"Every Saturday my father brings me down a good supply of celery." Proving himself a good old stick?

R. L. (Brighton).—"People are already clamouring for the Christmas cards that I've painted." They have designs upon them.

TRAPEZIST (West End). — "There's nothing funny about struggling out of tights after a tiring show." We should have thought the whole thing was a leg-pull.

Side Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side-Slips."

THE LANGPORT AND SOMERTON HERALD:—"An interesting demonstration on 'Bread-making' was given by ——. The ROOF was baked and divided amongst several members."

SOUTH WALES FOOTBALL ECHO:—"... where they were FORTUNATE in losing, temporarily, the services of ——."

SOUTHERN WEEKLY NEWS:—"In the bar —— placed his hands on the old oak beams of the low ceiling, in characteristic fashion, and spun a few YARDS about the village."

PAIGNTON OBSERVER:—"——, brother of the bridegroom, discharged the duties of best man, while —— and —— were the BROOMSMEN."

IPSWICH EVENING STAR:—"This you must heat very gently and gradually till the water is quite COLD."

BURTON MAIL:—"Two other famous lines of grates for which this firm acts as GENTS are the ..."

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope marked "Free Advice" is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

B. P. (Holborn).—"What causes a London fog?" It isn't clear.

V. B. (Liverpool).—"I am not above taking a tip from anyone, even if he does not know my business." Taxi-driver?

F. R. (Durham).—"My job as a nigger minstrel is not an easy one." No, you must work like a black.

TEACHER (Bromley). — "Flogging only makes a schoolboy more hardened."—And we know where.

CHORISTER (Exeter).—"It was a sight worth looking at to see our team score goal after goal." They were too good to miss.

B. T. (Dulwich).—"When on holiday in the country I saw the local squire practising parachute-jumping." Truly one of the landed gentry.

MISS PHYLLIS (Leeds).—"Now that my doctor is making me wear a shade over my right eye I don't know how I'll look." With the left one, of course.

DOCTOR (Poole).—"I recommend a sharp walk every morning, ending with a brisk run." That's how most people catch their morning train to town.

LECTURER (Liverpool).—"The modern woman is at home in art, at home in music, at home in literature." But seldom at home.

ARCHITECT (London).—"New York sky-scrapers will never be seen in London." Agreed. It would be such work getting them here.

MANUFACTURER (Yorkshire).—"A hundred thousand blankets must be disposed of." That's how we feel, too, when fevered with the 'flu.

BUSINESS MAGNATE (E.C.).—If you strive hard enough you can always overtake the man directly in front of you." Unless, of course, you happen to be riding on the pillion seat of his motor-cycle.

G. N. (Northampton).—"I'm afraid that in front of my colleagues he knocked me around like a sack of straw." So you naturally had to put up with a lot of chaff.

MISS L. (Bradford).—"A man I met while I was on my holidays took me to the local baths and said he would teach me how to swim. As a matter of fact, he could scarcely swim himself, and the result was that I was very nearly drowned." He let you down.

TOM (Essex). — "What should I get if I set fire to the local income-tax office?" Cheered.

C. L. (Grantham).—"Every man is a hero in his own home." Until the visitors leave.

C. K. (Hampstead).—"Society girls are buying costly ear-rings once again." And hanging the expense?

J. G. (Exeter).—"If you fell into the bear pit at the Zoo, how would you get out?" As quickly as possible.

INVENTOR (Stalybridge).—"Having invented a new type of perambulator, I now want to get into touch with a financier." Of course, to push it.

TERRITORIAL (Swindon).—"We did very well in the human wheelbarrow race, our chaps occupying the first three places." You beat the others hands down.

MRS. R. P. (Plymouth).—"To my mind all novels are like darning wool." When the story's wound up you come to the end?

E. L. (Erith).—"A new kind of bandit-proof glass will withstand the impact of any hard subject." At last those glass-house dwellers will be able to throw stones.

MAGNATE (London, E.C.).—"If you are to be successful you must not be afraid of a rival because he has something up his sleeve." Unless, of course, it is a knife.

A. J. B. (Hornchurch).—"Patience and perseverance are essential when a man tackles the job of repapering the whole of his house in his spare time." He certainly needs to be a sticker.

TRAVELLER (Park Lane).—"If any member of a certain Chinese secret society is aware of treachery without exposing it, he ends his life at the end of a rope." He's hanged if he knows!

SHOPKEEPER (Harlesden).—"I knew he wasn't too well off, so I let him have the parcel of groceries at a very low rate, and now, although he has a jolly good job, he comes back each week expecting similar prices." You didn't allow for that.

ACROBAT (Chiswick).—"The first time I performed at a music-hall I overbalanced while pole-climbing and fell with a terrific crash on the boards; the audience thought it was part of the programme and applauded vigorously." So you made a hit in more ways than one?

R. J. E. (Southwark).—"I shall consider myself fortunate if I can save £100 in the next twenty years." Save a little time for *Bullets* this week. Our Record Christmas Offer, with Unlimited Surprise Gifts, is just closing, and a coupon may bring you over £3,500 in the next twenty years!

MRS. R. (Newport).—"My husband promised to take me out to the theatre, but returned from work much too late to do so. When I called him over the coals he told me that he left the office full of good intentions." And arrived home full of good inventions?

N. P. (Margate).—"My young son keeps on staying away from school and I have not been able to find out how he spends his time. What is more, he returned home to-day in a very dirty condition and I felt compelled to give him a severe thrashing." You made the punishment fit the grime.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

For a "VELVET" Shave

COMPLETE OUTFIT WITH TWO BLADES 6D

SOLD ONLY AT WOOLWORTHS'

EAT NUTTALL'S MINTOES GUARD AGAINST COLD

Sta-blond Lightens Brown-Blond Hair NATURALLY...SAFELY..

New "Sun-Action" Shampoo-Rinse washes Mousy, Brownish Hair **2-4 SHADES LIGHTER**

BLONDES!—You know how the sun will turn mousy, even brownish blond hair several shades lighter—make it *beautifully* light—so appealing to your friends. You can't have summer sun all the time, but Sta-Blond does the same thing in the same natural way as the sun—it makes hair even more beautiful, keeps it soft and elastic without a trace of that streaky bleached look. This remarkable "sun-action" shampoo-rinse combination prevents light blond hair from darkening, and if hair has already turned mousy or brownish, Sta-blond will bring back the true golden beauty of childhood. Millions of blondes use it. Your hair will softly gleam with golden glints—and stay that way too! Sta-blond contains no dyes or harmful bleaches.

STA-BLOND THE BLONDE'S OWN SHAMPOO

For The Price You Paid For This Paper 2D

You Can Quickly BANISH A

COLD

2d.—the price of this very Paper—can buy your greatest need. For these mere TWO PENCE you can stop the awful sneezing, burning behind the eyes and horrible "stuffed up" feeling of a cold. You can also get relief from torturing **HEADACHES, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, NERVE PAINS.** BEECHAMS POWDERS cost only 2d. each, yet they are one of the most remarkable remedies ever discovered. They "act like magic"—reducing feverishness, relieving pain. BEECHAMS POWDERS are easy and pleasant to take, too. Get some to-day.

Beechams BRAND **Powders**

ACT LIKE MAGIC

Cartons of 8 Powders 1/3 Single Powders 2d. each. Not Laxative. Sold Everywhere. A Beecham Product.

This Simple Treatment Quickly Heals ECZEMA AND OTHER SKIN ERUPTIONS

The beneficial effects of the Cuticura treatment are due to a combination of soothing, healing antiseptic medicaments. Nothing known to medical science will give you quicker more lasting relief than Cuticura Brand Ointment. It stops the tormenting itch instantly; gives you days of peace and comfort and nights of restful sleep. But, best of all, the Ointment is an amazing healer which will clear up the most stubborn cases of Eczema, Psoriasis and other torturing, disfiguring skin eruptions.

How Cuticura Heals

Wash the affected part night and morning with Cuticura Soap and hot water to cleanse away poisonous matter and irritating secretions. Dry gently and apply Cuticura Brand Ointment. This daily treatment relieves itching and allays inflammation at once. The soothing, healing, antiseptic Cuticura Ointment penetrates to the depths of the eruption. It destroys the lurking germs which keep the disease active, it heals the festering sores and steadily establishes a healthy condition of the skin which leads to complete recovery. The efficacy of this treatment will prove a revelation to sufferers who have been brought to the verge of despair by the failure of other means.

ECZEMA (DRY OR WEEPING)
PSORIASIS
PIMPLES
BOILS
ABSCESSES
LEG ULCERS

Cuticura

OINTMENT AND SOAP

Made in England

Use CUTICURA TALCUM after the bath. It is the perfect finishing touch and keeps you delightfully fresh and fragrant all day long.

Doubled up WITH STOMACH PAIN day after day

After struggling along in agony for years, Mr. W., of Elmstead Market, near Colchester, had the joy of losing all his suffering through his wife reading an advertisement like this. Mrs. W.'s letter will interest every stomach sufferer.

"My husband has for seven years been a terrible sufferer from stomach trouble and could not get relief. Day after day he was nearly doubled up with pain. About two months ago he was stricken down with an awful attack of gastric influenza and diarrhœa. The least thing he ate filled him with wind. Even the doctor got worried.

"Then I saw your advertisement for Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. After the first bottle my husband began to get relief, and he can now eat almost anything. He wishes me to express his gratitude for your marvellous remedy."—Mrs. C. W.

You, too, will find Maclean Brand Stomach Powder a "marvellous remedy" for your stomach trouble. Get a bottle to-day.

Beware of cheap substitutes

Be quite sure you get the **original Maclean Brand** Stomach Powder, with the signature **"Alex. C. Maclean"** on bottle and carton. It is never sold loose. All chemists sell it in Powder or Tablet form at 1/3, 2/- or 5/-.

See the signature

Alex. C. Maclean

MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder

Maclean Ltd., Great West Road, Brentford.

Just as Beans go with Pork

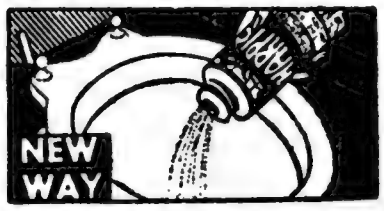
pork goes better with HP SAUCE

Lovers of pork—and bacon—know how this piquant fruit sauce blends with the food and aids digestion. It gives new zest to fish, cold meats and grills. Try it also with 'made-up' dishes, such as rissoles, stews, etc.

9d a bottle
Picnic Size 3d.

Are you only half-cleaning your lavatory?

ONLY HALF-CLEAN. No amount of unpleasant brush-work can ever reach round the hidden bend in the pipe. Not disinfected or deodorised.



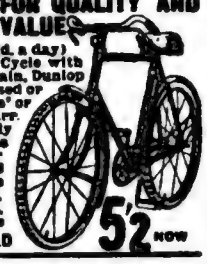
COMPLETELY CLEAN. Harpic sweeps right round the bend in the pipe—cleans completely. Disinfects thoroughly. Deodorises, too.

HARPIC

Cleans Completely! Disinfects! Deodorises!

HARPIC MFG. CO. LTD., HULL AND LONDON

GRAVES BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE



5/2 per month (less than 2½d. a day) buys the Graves "FLIGHT" Cycle with Brooks Saddle, Coventry Chain, Dunlop Tyres, Chromium Plate, Raised or Dropped Handlebars, Ladies' or Gent's with Accessories. Carr. Paid £3:17:6 or 5/2 monthly. No charge for Easy Terms. With Sturmey-Archer Three-Speed Gear £4:17:6 Terms: 6/6 monthly. Write for Catalogue Free. Ladies', Men's, Juveniles', & Tandems, Roadsters, Racers, Club Models.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

5/2 NOW

GLANDS and VIRILITY

Are properly functioning glands the secret of sparkling vitality? Scientists are agreed that decline in power and virility in a man depends on the rate in which energy is "burned up." Nervous debility, lassitude, inability to concentrate, depression, physical and mental exhaustion, from whatever cause arising, are signs of a deficiency in the system of certain vital gland-secretions. By stimulating your glands you can "put back the clock of the years" and achieve super-abundant virility, a capacity for work and play such as you have never before experienced. DOVIM (for Men) and DOVITE (for Women) Rejuvenation Tablets are a marvellous combination of the world's finest and purest glandular extracts with certain precious herbal substances from the East. Write to-day for full particulars and a free copy of a secret revealing little book which should be read by every adult. Address: INTERNATIONAL LABORATORIES LTD., DEPT. 193, 30-42, SMEDLEY ST., LONDON, S.W.8.

For Bargains—See pages 2 & 3 and "Small Ads. worth Watching" on p. 18

ANOTHER PENSION WITH FINE FORTUNE FOR JOHN BULL'S CROSSWORD
WIN £30 WEEKLY FOR LIFE and £500 Cash
OR ONE HUGE LUMP SUM OF £800
£100 BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP
UNLIMITED SURPRISE AWARDS
To each sender of entry containing only one less meritorious answer than runners-up, we shall forward a Special Surprise Award—to be posted Wednesday, Dec 16.
FINAL OFFER OF BUMPER 10-IN-1 XMAS HAMPERS
to arrive just before December 25, containing Plump Xmas Fowl, Sausages, Xmas Pudding, Cake, Fruit, Chocolates, Cigarettes, Crackers, Biscuits, Fine Old Port
YOUR LAST OPPORTUNITY TO CAPTURE A BIG XMAS HAMPER
ONE TO EACH WINNER OF £1 OR MORE THIS WEEK

PRESENTED on this page is the forty-third of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an Adjudication Committee consisting of the following:—

The Editor of JOHN BULL;
Doctor Lascelles Abercrombie, Litt.D., D.Lit., M.A.; and
Doctor C. E. M. Joad, M.A., D.Litt.

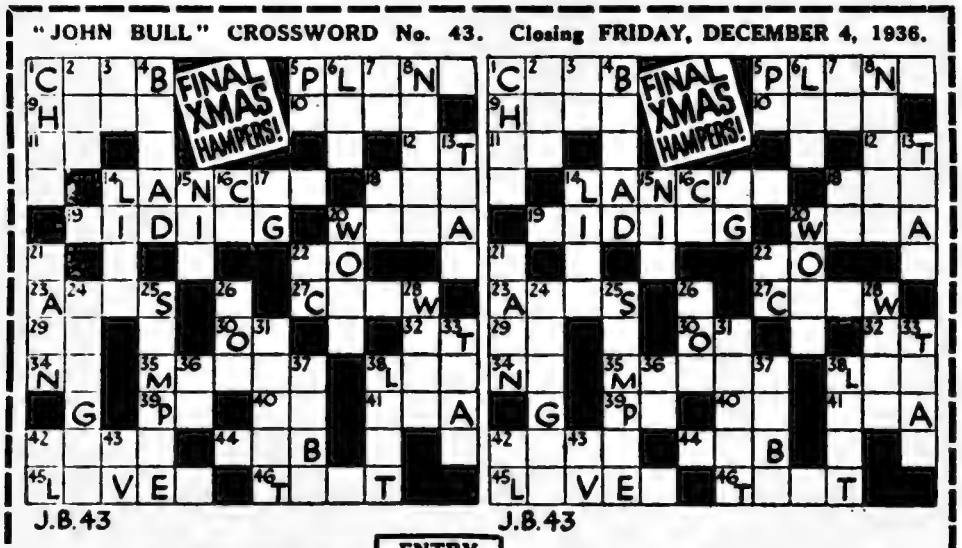
Each entry received will be carefully considered, and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one entry square has completed the Puzzle, and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the Winning Puzzle Square.

If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists the Adjudication Committee decides that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at these points, which will be duly indicated when result and Winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL published Thursday, December 17, 1936. The reasons which decided the Committee's Award will be published in JOHN BULL'S free weekly "Crossword Gazette," obtainable as instructed on this page. The Second Prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties, the appropriate cash prize will be equally divided, but not more than one cash or other prize will be allowed to one entrant upon one coupon.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

ADDRESS ENTRY: CROSSWORD NO. 43, "JOHN BULL," 57, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.)

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 43. Closing FRIDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1936.



J.B.43 J.B.43

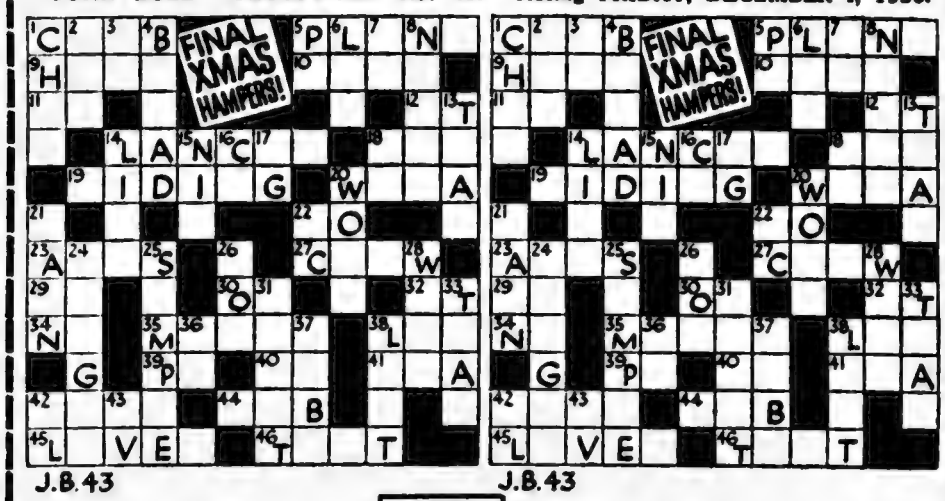
In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters, and I enclose P.O. value..... No.....

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6d.

SIGNED .....
ADDRESS .....
.....

CUT AROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

CUT AROUND THESE BROKEN LINES
"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 43. Closing FRIDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1936.



J.B.43 J.B.43
In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters and I enclose P.O. Value..... No.....
ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1s.
SIGNED .....
ADDRESS.....
.....

GIANT XMAS OFFER NEXT WEEK!

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole Entry Form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for one coupon (two squares) is SIXPENCE. For two coupons (four squares) send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /& Co./, write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form; Entry Form to be posted as directed (not delivered by hand), to reach us not later than Friday, December 4.

2.—In addition to two sixpenny Entry Forms from "John Bull" each entrant may submit TWO EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS, provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette" or other announcement of this Competition. Thus each entrant is limited to 4 Entry Forms (8 squares in all), and Entry Fee of 2s.

Should any single letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on adjoining Entry Square will be regarded as Entrant's intended letter for both Entry Squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided or such flaws occur in more than one letter square, Entry Square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon.

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

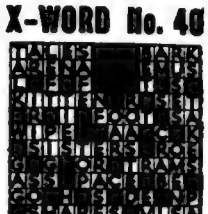
3.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, December 17. Should any competitor not announced as a winner believe that he entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize, he must demand a scrutiny by first post, Tuesday, December 22, in accordance with the directions given with result and enclosing £1 Scrutiny Fee. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up prize and Surprise Awards. Accordingly, entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double adjudication establishing these winners is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both across and down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

4.—Should first prize be shared, £800 cash will be paid instead of the Two-in-One Award.

5.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

6.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

X-WORD No. 40



J.B.40

Winners on page 45

The Adjudication Committee decided that the most apt and accurate Answers used by competitors were those seen in the Square above.

Reasons for Committee's findings will appear in next week's "Crossword Gazette." Secure your free weekly copy by using Reservation Form on page 46.

CLUES ACROSS

1. Shell-fish that sometimes nips bathers' toes
5. Without which manufacturer can't get to work
9. What you do with your ears
10. Speed, or step
11. Centre part of bridge
12. Head and tail of goat
14. Is less use in operations to-day
18. Make mistake beginning errand
19. Some youngsters take it as a matter of course
20. You say this to stop a horse
22. Knock out, in short
23. Big animals seen in tapestry
27. Usually makes a noise on the way home
29. How rascal starts and finishes
30. Body without extremities
32. Night always ends thus
34. Nabob without a shilling
35. He hews coal for you
38. Falsehood
39. Father in Japan
40. Beginning of poetry
41. The Crossword age
42. Drag
44. Leading one on road needs caution
45. May make it less difficult to move heavy packing case
46. Patient's condition after operation may make one necessary

CLUES DOWN

1. Sculptor of portrait bust must do this with care
2. This colour goes with white and blue
3. Both ends of arena
4. Describes knife one uses for cutting sandwiches
5. Common to copper and puppy
6. Time doesn't worry man who's this
7. In place and active
8. Member of black race
13. Housewife may find this useful in kitchen
14. Most telephone exchange girls know a busy one
15. Stimulating drink is made of this
16. Middle of picnic
17. Bit of egg in keg
18. Earth without art
20. Such part of steering gear may well give trouble in time
21. Nature of this in sock affects wearer's comfort
22. King's Counsel
24. Pestilence
25. Stock commercial traveller carries is usually this
26. One of soil is usually heavy
28. Sound of wheel or birds' wings
31. Trams and buses return here at night
33. Of which we get more than one kind from India
36. Half Asia in India
37. Dress
38. Money that's this to spendthrift is soon gone
42. Remove ducks from pool
43. Fourth and fifth of twelve

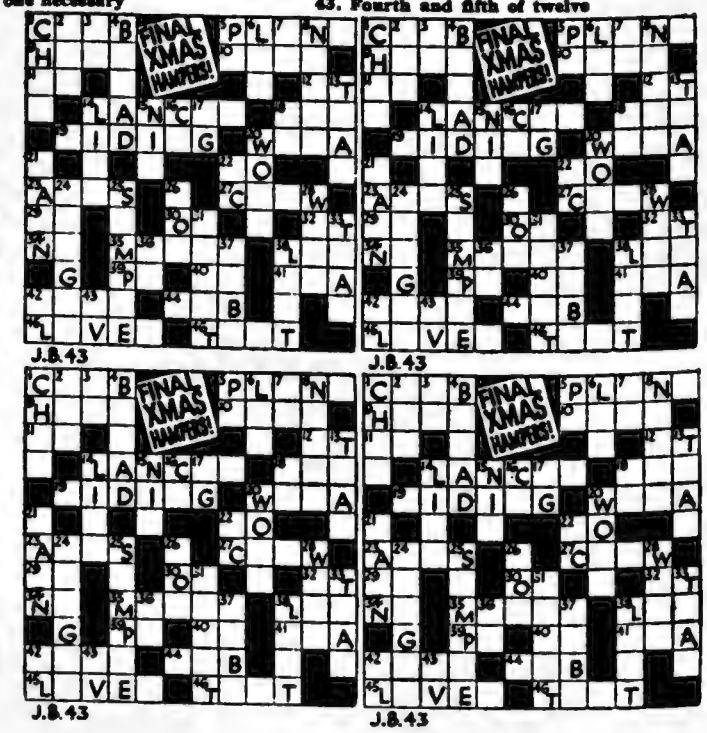
COPY SQUARES

These miniature reproductions of this week's puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solutions and are not accepted as entries.

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED

NEWS-AGENT'S PRIZE

A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this competition's First Prize winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the First Prize be shared, the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

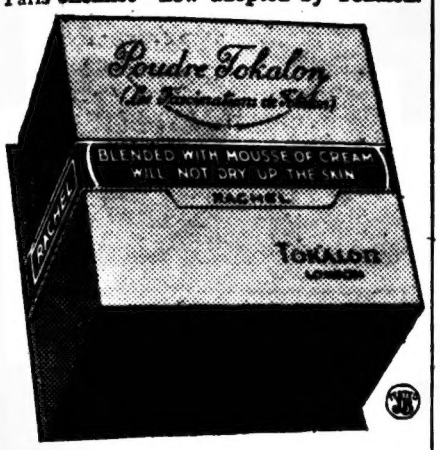


J.B.43 J.B.43 J.B.43 J.B.43

New *Air-Floated* Face Powder

Amazing Discovery of Paris Beauty Chemist

Face powder ten times finer and lighter than ever before thought possible! Only powder that floats on air is collected for use. This is the amazing new process of a Paris chemist—now adopted by Tokalon.



That is why Poudre Tokalon spreads so smoothly and evenly covering the skin with a thin almost invisible film of beauty. The result is a perfectly *natural looking* loveliness. So different from the old-fashioned heavy powders which only give a "made-up" look. And Poudre Tokalon still contains Mousse of Cream, which makes it cling to the skin for 8 hours. In the hottest restaurant your face will never need "touching-up" if you use Poudre Tokalon. At the end of a long evening's dancing your complexion will still be fresh and free from shine. 6d. and 1/- everywhere. By special arrangement with the manufacturers, any woman reader of this paper may obtain a de Luxe Beauty Outfit containing five shades of the new Poudre Tokalon so that she may test them for herself. The outfit also contains Crème Tokalon Skinfoods for both day and night use. Send 7d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing, etc., to Tokalon Ltd. (Dept. 222 V)., Chase Road, London, N.W.10.

HE WAS ASHAMED OF HIS THIN BODY

...But He Gained 30 Lbs. Quickly on "Vikelp" Tablets ...Now Feels Fine!

Read His Actual Letter:

Gentlemen:
I had been skinny since childhood. Last September was my 19th birthday so you see how long I had been skinny.
Almost every Sunday the kids in the neighbourhood would go swimming. I did not go with them. I suppose they knew why. I was ashamed of my skinny body. I was nervous, too. Even when I went to picnics in summer I was ashamed to have my sleeves rolled up like the other fellows did. A few months ago I stepped on a pair of scales. I weighed about 8 stone 8 lbs., and me a young man going on twenty. I thought of the future—would I always be skinny? I had seen "VIKELP" Tablets advertised in the papers and magazines so I bought a tin. I was really amazed at how much I gained and how much better I felt. I bought 4 more tins. Over two months have passed. I have gained more than 30 pounds. You don't know how much better I feel and look and how thankful I am for what "VIKELP" Tablets have done for me.
So I am going to thank "VIKELP" Tablets for what their sea minerals have done for me.
Yours very truly,
LESTER D. CURLESS.

Read How Amazing Sea-Plant's MINERALS, VITAMINS and IODINE Banish Diseases, Strengthen Glands and Blood, Add Lbs. Quickly!

Men and Women Everywhere Amazed at Results

Your own doctor will tell you that the underlying cause of dangerous, run-down conditions and illness is the alarming shortage of minerals, vitamins and food iodine in your blood and glands. Without sufficient quantity of these vitally needed substances you can never build up firm solid flesh nor hope to live a healthy, happy life. You are tortured by fatigue, underweight, rheumatism, goitre, constipation, gastritis, indigestion and other systemic ailments. You age and become senile, impotent before your time. With these ravaging systemic ailments continually absorbing your vitality and sapping your strength, you will always remain skinny, run-down and ill. The ordinary foods you eat may fill you but they contain nothing or little to feed your glands and blood. They do not contain the 12 life-giving minerals, iodine and the vitamins, for most of these have been cooked or washed out. Yet you *must* get your daily ration of these precious essentials. The easiest and quickest way to do this is by taking "VIKELP" Tablets, made from a remarkable Pacific Ocean plant. 9 tablets will feed your blood and glands more minerals (calcium, phosphorus, iron, magnesium, sulphur, manganese, copper, etc.), more food iodine and more of the vitamins A, B_1, B_2, D and E than pounds and pounds of raw vegetables, milk, fruit, meat and fish. Even cod and halibut get their liver oil vitamins from this amazing sea-plant.

Take "VIKELP" Tablets today. See how much better you feel, sleep and eat! Watch how your strength and energy increase, how systemic diseases disappear! Results are absolutely guaranteed or the trial is free. Discuss it with your own doctor. Priced from 1/9d. to 17/6d.

If your dealer cannot supply you send 3/6d. for a 10 days' guaranteed treatment to Dept. J.B./11/4, Health Products Laboratories Ltd., 10 Henrietta Street, London, W.1.

VIKELP Brand

HEALTH and BODY BUILDING Tablets

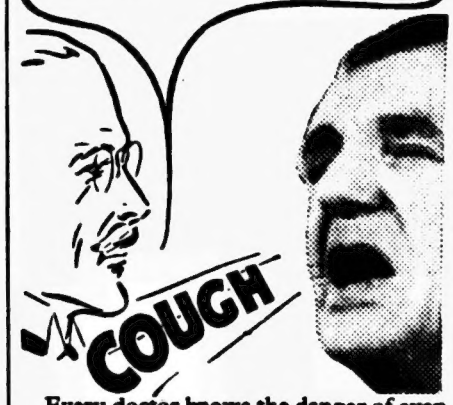
HOW VIKELP TABLETS' PRECIOUS MINERALS INCREASE WEIGHT AND IMPROVE HEALTH	
Its rich supply of	*Corrects*
Iodine ..	Goitre, skinniness, low vitality, faulty metabolism, nerves.
Iron ..	Anæmia, headaches, weakness.
Copper ..	Anæmia, loss of vigour.
Calcium ..	Stomach trouble, rickets, eczema impaired teeth during pregnancy
Phosphorus	Brain fag, subnormal growth.
Sodium ..	Stomach, kidney and bladder disorders, rheumatism.
Potassium	Acidosis, bad heart, constipation.
Magnesium	Underweight, skin diseases.
Sulphur ..	Constipation, rheumatism, blood and liver disorders, nervousness.
Manganese	Anæmia, gout, general debility.

ALSO VITAMINS A, B_1, B_2, D, E,

ASK YOUR DOCTOR ABOUT THAT COUGH

He'd say:—

STOP IT AT ONCE



Every doctor knows the danger of even the slightest cough. Each coughing attack strikes directly at the very "gateway" of life itself! Each time you cough you strain and torture millions of tiny blood vessels in your lungs and throat. Delicate membranes get inflamed and provide a fertile breeding ground for the most deadly germs!

Yes, of course your doctor would say "Stop that cough AT ONCE!" And you *can* stop even the worst cough instantly by taking VENOS Lightning COUGH CURE. It acts "like lightning"... easing the breathing, stopping the irritation, soothing, healing and strengthening the chest and lungs. But MORE IMPORTANT STILL, VENOS *arrests the development of dangerous germs.*

VENOS Brand
LIGHTNING
COUGH CURE

Sold Everywhere 11½d, 1/3 & 3/- per Bottle

£1,399 MORE PAID TO REGISTERED READERS

During the past 2 weeks a further £1,399 has been paid to registered readers under "John Bull's" Great Free Family Insurance Gift.

"JOHN BULL" is the only paper to pay FIRE, STORM & SICKNESS BENEFITS.

If you are not already registered sign the forms below to-day.

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL
Hand this Form to your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....

Address .....

.....

.....Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 28/11/36

CUT HERE

Post this Form to
"John Bull," Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature. Age.....

Address .....

.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.....

.....

..... Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.
PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 28/11/36

20 FINE CHEQUES AND HAMPERS WON IN CROSSWORD No. 40.

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 40, the Adjudication Committee decided that the most meritorious Answers on one Square (see page 44) were those submitted by the following twenty competitors who share the £200 offered as First Prize:—

J. M. Agnew, 35, High Street, Lurgan, Ireland; W. Bean, 22, Armley Grange Oval, Leeds; G. Bonner, 20, Windmill Lane, Stratford; J. Bradburn, 2, Rutland Road, Eccles; A. Charles, 91, Penchwintan Road, Bangor; A. A. Clark, Hillside, Shepton Mallet; Miss R. Cobbin, 46, Onslow Gardens, London, S.W.; G. Connon, 63, Merchiston Crescent, Edinburgh; J. Cowie, Sussex House, Avenue Road, Bexleyheath; Mrs. G. Deprez, The Grey House, Lansdowne Road, Worthing; Mrs. E. A. Graham, 24, Stockwell Road, Birmingham; Mrs. M. Jan, Bournebrook, Gosfield; G. E. Johnson, 23, Avenue Road, Acton, W.; M. Kent, c/o 907, Elmhurst Mansions, Clapham, S.W.; Mrs. R. Letham, 383, Park Road, Oldham; Mrs. M. Lloyd, 103, Copenhagen Street, Islington, N.; E. McKinney, Portkill Cott., Ballycarry, Co. Antrim; F. Mallinson, 8, Molyneks Terrace, Linthwaite, Huddersfield; D. J. Stevenson, 47, Scot Street, Hamilton, N.B.; Miss E. Tunstall, 140, Cambridge Street, Derby.

Subject to the Terms and Conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £40 will be sent to each. These winners will each receive in addition one of the famous "John Bull" Christmas Hampers.

Any other entrant who believes that he submitted a Square eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a scrutiny by not later than First Post, Tuesday, December 1, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of all Squares submitted and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £100 to Runners-up. This Prize has been divided between 276 competitors from whom we received Squares inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate Answer compared with the best Squares. These winners will each receive 7s. 3d. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices, and all have been notified.

A useful Surprise Award for each of 1,703 entrants from whom we received a Square differing from Squares of Runners-up by only one less meritorious Answer will be posted this week.

PILES!

Man Zan stops the irritation, soothes and heals internal, external blind or bleeding piles. A large tube, with special nozzle applicator, which makes this wonderful preparation easy to apply, costs but 3/-. Your chemist will tell you how good it is. Don't suffer in silence longer. Ask him about

Man Zan

Brand PILE REMEDY

To end Constipation—Take De Witts Brand Little Laxaliver Pills. Price 1/3.

Kidneys Must Clean Out Acids

The only way your body can clean out health-destroying Acids from your blood is through nine million tiny Kidney tubes or filters, but beware of cheap, drastic, irritating drugs. Weak Kidneys usually are the real cause of Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Swollen Ankles, Rheumatism, Backache, Dizziness, Circles Under the Eyes, Dry, muddy Skin, Acidity, Burning, Smarting, or Lost Vigour. Don't take chances. Get the Doctor's prescription Cystex (Siss-tex) at chemists. £1,000 deposited with Westminster Bank, London, backs up Cystex Guarantee to bring new vitality in 48 hours, make you feel 10 years younger and cure in 8 days or money back.

GREATEST "BULLETS" XMAS OFFER EVER KNOWN

WIN £2 WEEKLY FOR LIFE and £1,500 CASH

MIGHTY PENSION · plus · FORTUNE FIRST PRIZE FOR 2, 3 or 4 WORDS
OR ONE MONSTER LUMP SUM OF 2,000 GUINEAS

Closing Sat. Dec. 5/-

LAST DAYS OF MONSTER XMAS OFFER!

A FEW days more and our Record Christmas Offer will be part of Competition history. Study the astonishing array of over 11,000 prizes now finally offered in these pages and realise that you have still time to capture the biggest of them all!

Yes, for a few simple words that you can arrange neatly this evening, your colossal reward can be that £1,500 fortune and £2 Weekly Life Pension heading this mighty prize-list. On Friday, December 18, a golden Joy Wire will bring JOHN BULL's congratulations to the winner of that huge First Prize—and there is no reason why this thrilling message should not come to you.

A splendid array of 100 big Cheques for Christmas Shopping comes next in this record prize-list and these seasonable cash prizes are followed by the last gigantic batch of 1936 *Bullets* Christmas Feasts.

In addition to the thousands of prizes waiting to be won within the next few days, an unlimited number of novel and amusing 3-in-1 Christmas Surprise Gifts, particularly useful to *Bullets* entrants, is available for distribution to all competitors who qualify as directed.

Time is flying and this Contest's huge First Prize, 100 big Cheques and 1,000 Christmas Feasts will soon be won. *Your entry must be in by December 5!*

HOW TO MAKE 'BULLETS'

READ slowly and carefully through the list of 48 interesting *Examples* provided, marking, say, half a dozen which appeal to you as most likely to suggest striking comments to your mind. Now write down these selected *Examples* and jot against them as rough notes all the ideas you think of in connection with each one.

You will thus have collected ample raw material; next comes the important process of shaping this into neat and telling *Bullets*. Each of your finished efforts, remember, must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment, closely linked with the chosen *Example*.

Suppose, for instance, that against the *Example* SWEEPING, you had jotted down as your first thought, *Snow—Work "Down And Out" Welcomes.* After a few moments' juggling with words, you could easily condense and improve this to the typical *Bullet*, SWEEPING—SNOW, BECAUSE MONEY "MELTED."

Before starting on your own efforts, pay close attention to the good points of the successful *Bullets* in our 1,051st Contest which appear on this page.

As soon as you have appreciated the merit in these winning efforts, noting how the meaning of each one is clearly expressed in neat and original phrasing, you will be ready to tackle the *Examples*.

Then get busy immediately, for none of this Record Offer's seasonable prizes and unlimited Christmas Gifts can be yours unless your *Bullets* reach the judges by Saturday, December 5.

Add 2, 3 or 4 words to any "Example"

TO CELEBRATE XMAS	
CONCERT OF EUROPE	
BRITANNIA'S SHIELD	
SHOCK FOR MARS	
TAXPAYER'S STOCKING	
GRANDMA GENEVA	
PLAGE FOR ME	
ENGLISHMAN'S CASTLE	
HE'S THE LANDLORD, SO	
MENDING THE ROOF	
MAN'S JOURNEY	
UNPALATABLE TRUTH	
DAD'S NEW JOB	
THE NEXT STEP	
EPITAPH I'D LIKE	
GOOD CAPTAIN	
WAITS	UNDECIDED
HAUNTED	SLIPPING BACK
RELUCTANTLY	ALL BEHIND
FOR ANOTHER	WE SAY
MOB RULE	RARELY
SWEEPING	GOOD THINGS
UNFIT	REUNITED
NO CHICKEN	SANTA CLAUS
"CAN YOU BEAT THAT?"	
SEEK PEACE AND	
HARMONY WILL COME WHEN	
SERGEANT WIFEY	
WHEN THE GUESTS ARRIVED	
HAPPILY FOR HER	
PRESENT FOR SONNY	
PATIENCE IS A VIRTUE, BUT	
GETTING THE PLUMS	
FIRST TIME OUT	
OUGHT TO BE BANNED	
ACCEPTING THE SITUATION	
WHAT THE FLATTERER SAID	
ROUND OF GAIETY	
FEELING FESTIVE	
AROUND THE YULE LOG	

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1051.

First Prize, £500, plus Xmas Shopping Week-end in London and £25 to Spend:

F. RICHFORD, 5, Arthur Road, Bexhill-on-Sea.

Example: HE'S NOT RELIGIOUS, BUT
Bullet: "SERMON" FOR SOUR MEN.

SECOND PRIZE, £50:

F. BARTLETT, 38, St. John's Wood Terrace, London, N.W.

Example: Knock After Knock
Bullet: Driving *Me* Into "Wood."

THIRD PRIZE, £25:

Mrs. N. WEBBERLEY, 18, Daisy Road, Thorneywood, Nottingham.

Example: Ought To Be Exposed
Bullet: The Agitator's Japanese Underwear!

OTHER PRIZES:

£20: I. MORGAN, 25, Cosedge Crescent, Waddon, Surrey.
In Liberty's Name—Spain "Kills Her Own."

£18: S. LAKE, 34, Coquet Street, Jarrow.
Our Staff—"Belabouring" Our Pride, Charity.

£16: H. W. BYE, 64, Fairbridge Road, Upper Holloway, N.
Touching Sight—"Dove" Awaiting Dictators' "Crumbs."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£14: Miss S. BASSETT, 136, Above Bar, Southampton.
Putting A Word In—Got Job Languages Coul'dn't.

£12: G. TALBOT, "Ovillers," Fairview Avenue, Earley, Reading.
Nation Of Shopkeepers—"Sacrifices" Cannot Be Repeated!

£10: C. IBBOTSON SMITH, 28, Brendale Avenue, Maghull, near Liverpool.
Knock After Knock—"Harder" When You're "Out."

£9: T. LLOYD JONES, 77, Grove Park, Colwyn Bay.
Before We Go—Out, Make *Souls* "Presentable"!
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£8: Mrs. RADFORD, 73, Heyford Avenue, South Lambeth Road, London, S.W.
Difficulties—"Sit On"—Leave Armchair!

£7: Mrs. N. BOTT, 5, Midland Avenue, Hunslet Carr, Leeds.
In A Hurry—Waitress—Somebody "Waiting" *Outside.*

£6: J. V. LITTLEWOOD, The Court House, Woodside Park, Finchley.
The Intruder—Raised "Muzzle"—"Killed" Loneliness.

£5: Mrs. W. G. MAYES, 15a, Church Street, Westbury, Wilts.
Nation Of Shopkeepers—Obliging—"We'll Send Tommy."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

TEN PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

H. H. CARPENTER, 78, Chelverton Road, Putney, S.W.
In A Hurry—Neighbour, To Return *Visit.*

C. de CASTRO, "Funchal," Rodney Avenue, Jersey.
In The Net—Europe—"Food" For Mars?

A. C. COOKE, 9, Corinne Road, Tufnell Park, N.
Ought To Be Exposed—Mars, Till "Armour Rusts."

H. DAVIES, 12, Hereford House, Rushcroft Road, Brixton, S.W.
It's Easy To Laugh When—Auntie's *Beginning* Funny Story!
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

Miss G. DURELL, 2, Excelsior Villas, St. Brelade, Jersey.
Nation Of Shopkeepers—Wishing *Westminster* "Gave Value."

D. H. JAMES, 26, King's Drive, Wigston, Leicester.
At The End Of His Tether—Dad—"String's" Demands "Unending."

J. O. MACDONALD, 1, City Road, Winchester.
Difficulties—"Snowballs" Steady "Push" *Melts.*

W. MONDAY, 18, Downs Road, Hastings.
Difficulties—Keen Con—And "Cane."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

R. M. ROBERTS, 59, Langdale Avenue, Rhostyllen, Wrexham
In A Hurry—Both—Caught Same *Ambulance.*

C. VERNON, 31a, Hope Street, Liverpool.
Knock After Knock—Doesn't Interrupt Postmistress's "Seance."

A list of 100 Xmas Shopping and 500 Xmas Cake winners can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./. Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible to compete.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £10, £3 and £2 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 1,054 usually purchase "John Bull."

The original cheque for £500 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 1,050 will be displayed in the window of Mr. J. Maunder, 183, Richmond Road, Twickenham.

ACCEPT
48
FREE PAGES
of help with
"BULLETS" and
"JOHN BULL'S"
CROSSWORDS
USE THIS COUPON

YOU ARE INVITED TO
ENCLOSE THIS COUPON
WITH YOUR "BULLETS" OR CROSSWORD ENTRY

Please register me for six weeks' free supply of "Bullets Bulletin" and "Crossword Gazette." I have affixed 3d. in stamps to this coupon for postage.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

Affix 1½d. stamp here

Affix 1½d. stamp here

CHEQUES, HAMPERS, TURKEYS, CAKES and

£100	£50	£40	£30	£20
£19	£18	£17	£16	£15
£14	£13	£12	£11	£10
£9.10s.	£9	£8.10s.	£8	£7.10s.
£7	£6.10s.	£6	£5.10s.	£5
99s.	98s.	97s.	96s.	95s.	94s.	93s.	92s.	91s.	90s.	89s.	88s.	87s.	86s.	85s.	84s.
83s.	82s.	81s.	80s.	79s.	78s.	77s.	76s.	75s.	74s.	73s.	72s.	71s.	70s.	69s.	68s.
67s.	66s.	65s.	64s.	63s.	62s.	61s.	60s.	59s.	58s.	57s.	56s.	55s.	54s.	53s.	52s.
51s.	50s.	25 PRIZES OF £2			4,000 "DOUBLE-STAR TARGETS"							6,000 "STAR TARGETS"			

100 BIG XMAS SHOPPING CHEQUES ARRIVING ON WED. DEC. 23.

1054

FINAL 1,000 XMAS FEASTS

ALL OF THE FAMOUS "JOHN BULL" QUALITY

100 BIG HAMPERS
150 FINE TURKEYS
350 5lb. XMAS CAKES
400 PLUMP FOWLS

TO REACH WINNERS JUST BEFORE DEC. 25 — PUT YOUR XMAS DAY ADDRESS ON COUPONS, AS NO ALTERATIONS CAN BE ARRANGED.

EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,054) Closing SAT., Dec. 5.

P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on opposite page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.

Signed .....

Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,054) Closing SAT., Dec. 5.

P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on opposite page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.

Signed .....

Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,054) Closing SAT., Dec. 5.

P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on opposite page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Signed .....

Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,054) Closing SAT., Dec. 5.

P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on opposite page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s.

Signed .....

Address .....

Should you wish to enter further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 1,054, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

UNLIMITED 3-IN-1 XMAS SURPRISE GIFTS

TO ARRIVE ON XMAS DAY

To every entrant from whom "John Bull" receives in one envelope 8 or more "Bullets" (4 or more coupons) all bearing same name and address, with fully addressed Gift Label, "John Bull" will present this

FINE TRIPLE GIFT

1. Something to save you money for months to come
2. Something to give you 1,500 laughs this Christmas and help you with future "Bullets"
3. Something golden in opportunity—an offer of £250 FREE, confined exclusively to XMAS GIFT RECIPIENTS.

VALUE OVER 2/- TO EVERY BULLETEER

ENCLOSE COUPON BELOW

If Sending 8 or More Bullets (4 Coupons)

CUT ALONG THIS LINE

THIS COUPON

BRINGS YOUR FREE

VALID ONLY UNTIL SAT. DEC. 5. AND IF USED AS INSTRUCTED

3-IN-1 XMAS SURPRISE GIFT

I enclose.....coupons (not less than 4) bearing 'Bullets,' accompanied by P.O. as indicated upon coupons, all entered in same name and address. Please despatch my Free 3-in-1 CHRISTMAS GIFT to my full Christmas Day address as below:

NAME .....

FULL ADDRESS .....

.....

.....

ALMOND OIL ZEE-KOL TOILET SOAP

Beautiful and Talented Woman's Evidence that it

CREATES BEAUTY & PRESERVES BEAUTY

A revelation in transforming the worst skin in three nights into a most beautiful satiny and peach-like complexion.

Never before has a soap of this description been given to the public. It is made of the purest oils.

This is the wholesale price of the material used in most of the advertised soaps. Compare this price to Almond Oil, which is 5/6 per lb., and which is used in Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap.

PALM OIL costs 4d. per lb.

ALMOND OIL costs 5/6 per lb.

Now it is easily seen why Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is the most expensive to make as it is very rare to get Almond Oil in a soap at all. The price of Almond Oil will prove to everyone that there is no soap in the world so marvellous as Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap.

"You play divinely, my darling, but I am a little distracted gazing at your beauty—and your complexion is the most perfect I have ever seen. And what is this glorious perfume that you use?"

FIANCEE: "You flatterer! I do not use any perfume. I use the most perfect soap that I have ever used in my life—it is called Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap, and it is only 6d. a tablet instead of 2/6, as I paid for other soaps which were not so good and the lovely perfume comes from this Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap. The Almond Oil keeps my face young, and, as you say, beautiful."

Everyone should try this beautiful soap —originally 1/- per tablet, now 6d.

It has taken years to know how to blend the oils in this soap, because it is not like other soaps to-day, which are only ordinary soaps. Its oils are a marvellous tonic to the skin. Blended with the most exquisite perfumes, ALMOND OIL has been chosen for this Zee-Kol Super-Toilet Soap. It contains the purest and the most natural oil for the skin. When washing the natural oil is replaced and the skin keeps firm, smooth and beautiful. No ordinary soap can do what Zee-Kol ALMOND OIL Soap does, yet it is sold everywhere to-day at half its former price—6d. instead of 1/-. Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is a perfect Shampoo. All dandruff disappears and the hair shines with health. Zee-Kol Pills together with the use of Zee-Kol Soap keep one perfectly slim and in perfect health. The skin will radiate health. The Zee-Kol Soap puts the natural oils after washing. Zee-Kol Pills are sold, price 1/3 and 3/- per box.

1/- LARGE TABLET NOW 6d.

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores, or direct from

SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., LTD. (Dept. S14), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, N.19.

NO SOAP—NO BRUSH

SHAVEX

REVOLUTION IN SHAVING

Millions are now using SHAVEX all over the world. Beware of imitations.

THROW AWAY YOUR SOAP AND BRUSH AND USE THE UP-TO-DATE METHOD OF SHAVING which takes a quarter of the time.

WE GUARANTEE THAT ONE CAN HAVE A PERFECT SHAVE IN TWO MINUTES WITH SHAVEX.

SHAVEX is without doubt the most perfect way of Shaving that man can desire. What is more simple than just wetting the beard and smearing on a little Shavex—and then a perfect Shave? Shavex contains Almond Oil, which is a fine skin food for the face. You shave in a quarter of the time that is taken by any other method, and you rub the rest of the Shavex into the skin—this takes away the wrinkles and keeps the face in a perfect condition. The Shavex Cream makes the bristles of the beard stand up, when they are easily shaved with the razor. The ordinary creams and soaps flatten the beard, and so it is impossible to get the perfect shave. If grass is lying down it is more difficult for the mower to cut than if it is standing up. It is the same with the beard and Shavex. SHAVEX gets between all the hairs and forces the beard to stand up, and one can cut it so easily and get a perfect shave.

TRY A SHAVEX BLADE, THE KEENEST AND BEST BLADE ON THE MARKET. PRICE 2d. INSTEAD OF 4d.

SHAVEX is sold everywhere in 6d., 1/- & 1/6 Tubes and 1/6 Pots

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores or direct from:—

SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., LTD. (Dept. R.11), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, N.19.

Good Lord! It's twenty to eight and I have to dress, shave and have my breakfast by eight o'clock, but what's the odds, having Shavex it only takes a minute or two to shave.

Hey! Presto! I've had a perfect shave in two minutes. I washed, and while my face was still moist I smeared Shavex over it, and with the use of a Shavex Super Blade I've had the finest shave that anyone could ever have. I feel as fresh as a daisy.

Now I've got ten minutes to have my breakfast and a nice walk and catch the 8.15 train. When I think of the old soap and brush method with my face all smarting and the time it took me, Shavex is indeed a godsend. Since I have used Shavex everybody tells me how well and young I look. It's the Shavex Cream containing Almond Oil which I rub in after I shave that preserves my skin and keeps the wrinkles away.

DOGE CREAM

THE NEW MARVELLOUS COMPLEXION RESTORER

HOWEVER sallow or patchy your complexion may be, we guarantee to make it perfect with Doge Cream. Doge Cream is absolutely a complete restorer. It works miracles on the skin and is the most ideal complexion cream on the market. It is the most remarkable cream that has ever been blended into a face cream. It contains Almond Oil and it does not grow hair. It preserves the skin and takes away all wrinkles and leaves the skin smooth as a child's. It was taken from an old Venetian recipe. We guarantee that there is not another cream in the world to compare with Doge Cream. It will make the worst complexion perfect. Send for a sample and see its marvellous results.

Doge Cream is not a vanishing cream, and does not dry up the skin; it keeps the skin supple, firm and youthful. If Doge Cream is smeared around the eyes at night wrinkles will vanish as if a miracle had happened.

When thinking of other face creams remember that Doge Cream is not like any of them. Try it and you will never go back to any other face cream you have ever used. The original recipe was beyond price in the days when it was first known, but to-day we can make up all these preparations for the skin. We do not pay for Society women to give us their portraits, but over a thousand of the leading Society women use Doge Cream.

In Tubes 6D and 9D

In Pots 1/- and 2/-

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores or direct from:—

SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., LTD. (Dept. De6) 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, London, N.19

MARGARET: Good gracious, how beautiful Sylvia looks—hasn't she changed—her complexion is really beautiful.

JOHN: Then ladies really do admire each other after all. She certainly is a beauty. She seems to glow with health.

JANET: Surely you know she uses that wonderful Doge Cream that everyone is talking about—it really is amazing—and keeps one looking so youthful. You leave it on the face all night and it positively removes wrinkles and gives one the glow of youth. I am delighted that I have found this wonderful cream.

JOHN: By George! you must all bless this marvellous Doge Cream that can keep you looking so young.

ECZEMA.

"I suffered from Eczema all over my face and body. I applied Zee-Kol and in three days the Eczema had gone."

VARICOSE AND OTHER ULCERS.

"For years I could not walk with Ulcerated Leg. Zee-Kol cured it in a week."

ABSCESSES.

Zee-Kol instantly draws out all inflammation and the abscess is healed in twenty-four hours.

ERYSIPELAS.

This alarming skin affection will disappear in a few days with Zee-Kol applied night and morning. Its effect is marvellous.

CORNS.

The worst corns will soon disappear if Zee-Kol is applied to them night and morning.

SKIN DISEASES

Disappear in a Night

WE HAVE A ROOM FULL OF TESTIMONIALS.

Many may promise a wonderful cure but there is nothing like Zee-Kol. Beware of imitations.

ZEE-KOL is, without doubt, the most wonderful skin remedy of all time. The cruellest Skin Diseases, such as Ulcers, Eczema, Abscesses, Erysipelas, etc., are rapidly and completely banished, and Pimples, Blackheads, Boils, Rashes, etc., disappear like magic. Never was known any remedy like Zee-Kol. Where it touches, the skin takes on a finer and healthier glow. It destroys everything unhealthy to the skin. No skin disease can resist it. Forget it being a Patent Medicine. This is the only way we have of letting the world know of Zee-Kol's marvellous power of skin healing. There is nothing in the world to compare with Zee-Kol. Do not hesitate. Go straight to your chemist and get a box of Zee-Kol and rest absolutely assured that your skin troubles will speedily be banished. Zee-Kol cures, in record time, Eczema, all kinds of Ulcers, Hæmorrhoids, Chilblains, Bad Legs, Severe Burns, etc.

BURNS.

Zee-Kol takes all pain away and no blister will form.

BOILS, ETC.

Boils cannot resist the wonderful healing properties of Zee-Kol and in two days they disappear.

PIMPLES AND BLACKHEADS.

"I always had Blackheads and Pimples. Zee-Kol cured them in a night—they vanished."

LUMBAGO, STIFF JOINTS, ETC.

Splendid for Stiff Joints, rubbed in gently by the fire, and for Rheumatism

ZEE-KOL

The Wonder Skin Remedy

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores at

1/3 or a large tin 3/-

or direct from:—

SHAVEX ZEE-KOL Co., Ltd. (Dept. Z.K.18), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, N.19.

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